

Alexander's Magazine



AUGUST, 1906

SONNETS OF REMEMBRANCE

Wilson Jefferson

JOHN BROWN AT OSSAWOTAMIE

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

CHARGE OF 54th MASS. REG. AT Ft. WAGNER

William T. Barks

THE HINDERED HAND

Charles Alexander

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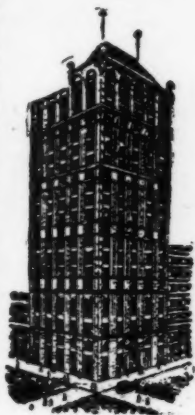
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And Its People



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Achievements of the Institute by Emmett J.
Scott, Mr. Washington's secretary; a chapter by
Mrs. Washington on the Teaching of Girls, and a
chapter by Warren Logan, the treasurer. These
are supplemented by autobiographical chapters
by former students in various callings : : : :

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COMMENTS ON ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE

The Tuskegee anniversary number of Alexander's Magazine was most favorably mentioned by over 100 newspapers throughout the United States, and a great number of letters to the editor indicate that the magazine was a decided achievement in Negro journalism.

The Springfield Republican: "Pessimists as to the Negro race in this country might be cheered and edified by perusing the last number of Alexander's Magazine, a Boston monthly, devoted to the interests of the colored race. It is admirable in the interest and variety of its contents, and especially in the pervading tone, which is earnest and sane, strikingly free from bitterness, and cheerful and hopeful throughout. This number is especially devoted to the recent anniversary at Tuskegee, and what we know as the Tuskegee spirit is everywhere present. But there is a significance in the number and widespread distribution of the men who are described and characterized as leaders. There is a cordial appreciation of the address at Tuskegee of Bishop Galloway of Mississippi, of the Methodist Episcopal church South, a white man, who spoke with entire frankness and courage of the political as well as industrial rights of the Negro, and in protest against men of the Dixon and Vardaman type as mischievous demagogues. The bishop is an instance of the better spirit that is rising against the prevailing tide of intolerance among the southern whites. This magazine, which is published at a dollar a year, well de-

serves support among the colored people and their friends, and is adapted to do much good."

Mr. G. S. Dickerman, general field agent of the Southern Education Board, says:

"I am glad to see the evidences in your magazine of just those high standards that are so much needed in a field where feeling is in such danger of obscuring clearness of vision."

Mr. Sylvester Russell, in the Indianapolis Freeman: "If the story cannot be told by rambling Sam or the little white public school street urchin, one has only to furnish either of them with the May issue of Alexander's Magazine to see the most beautiful illustration in existence, and to read and be convinced as never before of the work of the choicest intellectual and manual institution the South has ever produced. In perusing Alexander's Magazine, the most complete offering I have ever seen in Negro literature. For what our eyes have seen Mr. Alexander must now here be given unstinted praise for what he has presented to us in his beautiful magazine."

Dr. Booker T. Washington: "It is a very fine and creditable piece of work, not only in its physical appearance, but in its literary quality. This institution is most grateful to you for all that you have done and said. There have been few publications of the kind, if any, among our people that have surpassed this issue of your magazine."

The Public (Chicago) said in a recent issue:

The May issue of Alexander's Magazine (714 Shawmut avenue, Boston) is largely devoted to the celebration on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of April of the 25th anniversary of the founding of Tuskegee. Remarkable as is the record of Tuskegee, striking as is the bird's-eye view of the orderly little city embowered with trees, which is just the Institute and nothing more, still more impressive are the group pictures of Negro men and women to be found in these pages—impressive because they exhibit so strongly the highest human traits. We find in them so much self-control, strength, sincerity, kindness, poise and purpose that it seems natural to ask if in the wretched and wicked race struggle which our own race has created and perpetuated, the Negro has not been developing some of the virtues which we have been sacrificing to our arrogance.

The Hon. Archibald H. Grimke, in a personal letter to the editor, dated at Washington, D. C., says:

"By the way, I think that your Tuskegee Number is the best thing you have done in magazine work. Indeed, I think it is the best thing that any colored magazine, on the whole, has yet done. And that is saying a good deal, but it does not say more than you deserve."

Mr. R. W. Thompson: "Other periodicals which have also faithfully portrayed the incidents connected with Tuskegee's Silver Jubilee, and which deserve special mention for the beauty, reportorial accuracy and literary excellence of the editions given out, are Alexander's Magazine, Bos-

ton, and the Colored American Magazine, New York, edited respectively by the brilliant Charles Alexander and Roscoe Conkling Simmons."

Mr. Philip A. Payton, Jr.: "It is well gotten up and very attractive magazine. I enjoy reading it very much."

Friends' Intelligencer: "Alexander's Magazine, we remind our readers, is the best periodical edited and published by a colored man for the uplift of our colored brothers that has come to our notice."

E. C. Brown, real estate dealer at Newport News, Va.; "Alexander's Magazine is really the most up-to-date of any of our publications on the market today."

W. Sidney Pittman, architect; "I have heard many comments on the Tuskegee anniversary number of Alexander's magazine and personally, I must say that you deserve great credit."

Dr. Benjamin M. Nyce, Talladega College (Talladega, Ala.); "Alexander's Magazine is doing a good work and ought to be encouraged."

R. L. Stokes, of the New York Age: "Alexander's Magazine is the best magazine the race ever published."

Hon. T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the New York Age: "The Tuskegee Number of Alexander's Magazine is a very creditable number indeed."

Mr. Emmett J. Scott, executive secretary to Dr. Booker T. Washington: "It is a magnificent production."

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

FRONTISPIECE.....	Rev. Sutton E. Griggs, A. M., B. D.	
EDITORIALS		9
<p>The Southern White Man—Characteristics and Spirits—The Falling of the Moon—The Meaning of Patriotism—The Mob Spirit—The National Negro Business League—Is the Nation Honest?—The Commercialization of the Negro—The “Coon” Song Exit—Secretary Bonaparte’s Speech—Cuban Immigra- tion—The Imperfect Pilgrims—The Negro’s Darkest Night.</p>		
SONNETS OF REMEMBRANCE.....		19
Wilson Jefferson		
CHANGED (A Poem)		22
Perry Marshall		
JOHN BROWN AT OSAWOTAMIE.....		23
Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson		
CHARGE OF THE 54th MASS. REGT. AT FT. WAGNER		27
William T. Barks		
SO FAR! (A Poem)		30
Perry Marshall		
THE HINDERED HAND.....		31
Charles Alexander		
THERE AND HERE (A Journal).....		35
David MacJon		
THE WIDOWS OF TEAR-DROP LODGE		42
Florence Finch Kelly		
MISS IDE’S BIRTHDAY		46
DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.....	From tales of the Border.....	47
THE MAJOR’S SACRIFICE.....		50
Elva Lorence		
PLYMOUTH ROCK’S CRACK.....		53



REV. SUTTON E. GRIGGS, A.M., B.D.,
AUTHOR OF "THE HINDERED HAND."

ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Spreading of Reliable Information Concerning the Operation of Educational Institutions in the South, the Moral, Intellectual, Commercial and Industrial Improvement of the Negro Race in the United States. Published on the Fifteenth Day of each Month. Entered as Second-Class Matter on May 3, 1905, at the Post Office at Boston Massachusetts, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879

CHARLES ALEXANDER - - - Editor and Publisher
714 SHAWMUT AVE., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Subscription; One Dollar a Year - - - 10 Cents a Copy

Vol. 2

AUGUST 15, 1906

No. 4

Editorial Department

The Southern White Man.

To find a white man in the South who does not cherish the ambition to keep the Negro down, socially, civilly and politically, is like searching for well seated rheumatism in an old soldier's wooden leg or a humming bird's nest in the top-end of a bald-headed benedict.

Characteristics and Spirits.

It is said, upon pretty good authority, that when a man born in the United States has taken on enough ardent and inspiring beverage to relax his normal self-respect and dignity, and to dissipate his natural reservation, he wants to make a speech, and only under such abnormal condition is he most brilliant and cloud-sweeping in his eloquence. But an inebriated German wants to sing, a Frenchman to dance, an Italian to make love, an Englishman to eat and an Irishman to fight. After all the American is, perhaps, least harmful.

Falling of the Moon.

With the pompous air and assumed dignity of a peacock, "The Moon," a weekly magazine edited by Prof. W. E. B. DuBois of Atlanta, with strange phrenological developments and embellishments upon its facial front, started to rise from out the shadowy confines of the veiled city of Memphis, Tenn. some time ago, and carried at its mast-head the boastful injunction, "Watch the Moon Rise!" We did as we were told and now we are sorry to convey to our thousands of readers the intelligence that the Moon reached its zenith a few weeks ago and has fallen behind the veil.

The Meaning of Patriotism.

The individual who aspires to the title of patriot—who claims to love his country—to be loyal to the constitution and the laws, should be the uncompromising opponent and bitterest foe of every doctrine and every

practice, no matter how highly glossed over by artful pretexts or how cunningly urged for the public good by hypocritical leaders and insidious agitators, of which the tendency is plainly to substitute lawless violence for the established forms of justice, or that may point to the perversion of order, or to produce a conflict between different race groups.

The Mob Spirit.

Are the social, political and economic conditions of the Negro race in the southern states any better to-day than they were ten years ago? Unfortunately, perhaps, there is a tendency on the part of some of our leaders to answer this question by pointing to Negro banks which have multiplied miraculously during the past few years, or to judge the progress of the race by the acquisition of land and houses. Each of these is a pretty fair index to the material progress of the Negro. But the thing that the broad-visioned and enterprising Negro is seeking beyond all other things is the purity and security of home life. The signs indicate that there is less security for the Negro who dares to stand up for his civil rights in any community in the South than ever before. Not a month ago Negro men, women and children were driven wholesale out of a Louisiana Parish without provocation.

Nat. Negro Business League.

The National Negro Business League, a most useful organization, started in Boston, Mass., August 23,

1900 by Dr. Booker T. Washington, will hold its annual session in Atlanta, Georgia, August 29th, 30th and 31st. This meeting of the League promises to be the most enthusiastic and largely attended yet held. The Governor of Georgia, the Atlanta City Council and the Chamber of Commerce pledge their unstinted support, and with these influential members of the community, a large number of business and professional men have also indicated their interest in the success of the movement, and thrifty Negroes of Atlanta are working strenuously to make the event a memorable one. The hospitality and welcome accorded strangers by the Negroes of Atlanta cannot be paralleled in any southern city. These people are exceptionally hospitable and they take a delight in entertaining strangers not equalled in any southern community.

Is the Nation Honest?

We boast of the capacity of the individual to govern himself. We pledge ourselves to support and uphold the majesty of the law. We pretend to hold in reverence the sanctity of justice and to act upon the principle that a man is presumed to be innocent until he has been proven guilty. But these principles are reversed too frequently in the southern states and the Negro appreciates the facts too keenly to ignore them. The gravity of some recent events in Tennessee, Georgia, Florida and Mississippi, showing that the white man is setting at defiance the well-established principles of justice and

trampling under foot the rules of civilized life as well as threatening to overthrow those inalienable rights vouchsafed to every citizen under the Federal Constitution, are not misunderstood by the intelligent Negro masses. The mob spirit is the chief danger and the most fruitful promise of the rapid degradation of the South. When the "best" citizens in a community will join a mob for the purpose of burning property, driving out into the darkness naked, helpless women and children, shooting and burning defenseless men who have been accused of crime, surely such atrocious violence is calculated to undermine the very foundation of society. Unless this lawless spirit is checked, no man's property or life will be safe in the South. The revolting scenes of mob violence are entirely too frequent. Every citizen should strive to preserve untarnished the honor of his community, his state and his country. Every citizen should strive to preserve inviolate the constitution, and maintain in its purity the supremacy of the law.

The Commercialization of the Negro.

The opinion is often expressed of late that there is great danger of the Negro taking on too much of the commercial spirit, that is, becoming too seriously infatuated with the purely material side of life. But there need be no alarm, we think, of the Negro becoming commercialized. The commercialism of the Negro is far removed from the danger point. While the exciting whirl of trade and industry

is everywhere to be witnessed, if we will analyse the situation very carefully, we will find that the profits of the Negro's trade usually falls into the white man's pocket. The forty or fifty Negroes throughout the United States who are reputed to be immensely wealthy, may combine all of their assets, of whatever character, and yet the total will not be sufficient to purchase the interest of a single rich white man's holdings in the New York Stock Exchange. The Negro is in the primary grade in our national commercial school. He is just beginning to master the first lessons. He has not yet learned the difference between a dead and a live asset. He too often invests the major portion of his capital in fixtures and the equipment of his plant instead of investing it in articles which are to be sold over the counter and thus bring him profits. He often expects one dollar to earn another dollar unaided by the personal skill on his part in the driving of bargains. He too often assumes independence when on the verge of financial ruin, and often drives away customers by his haughty bearing, not realizing that to make one sale and at the same time make an enemy in the transaction is not only disastrous to business interests but a certain way not to make money. Money-making is a science; hereditary traits as well as favorable environment and training are necessary to a complete comprehension of the science. The Negro race in the United States has had but meagre opportunity to develop the science of money-making and what training it has had has been very faulty. While

many of the men who will attend the annual convention of the National Negro Business League in Atlanta will act like millionaires and talk big money, too literal an interpretation must not be placed either upon their actions or upon their words. There are a few men associated with this organization who are really doing well. They are not only handling big money, but they have learned how to invest it profitably and hold large interests in reliable enterprises. But cheerfulness is one of the characteristics of the race. It is not an uncommon thing to hear a Negro in chains laughing heartily. There are only a few of the very successful men in the country and not all of them are connected with the National Negro Business League. Still the tribe is increasing. The League, however, really furnishes a sort of inspiration and incentive to the Negro along the line of independent business life that is truly commendable and this sort of inspiration and incentive is not furnished by any other organization in the country. The business development among the Negroes in the southern states, especially during the past seven years, has been largely due to the influence of the National Negro Business League. At these annual conventions, individuals who have made a success in some particular line of business, tell the simple story of how they overcame the difficulties attending the development of the enterprise. Some of these stories are highly colored and exaggerated, while others are told in language characterized by simplicity and absolute honesty. The most remarkable

commercial growth during the past year among Negroes has been along the line of co-operative enterprises. A great many insurance, real estate and investment companies and banks have been organized and set in operation. The stories of these recent developments will be told in brilliant and eloquent manner at the Atlanta convention.

The "Coon" Song Exit.

Every song, like every dog, has its day. The popularity of a song fades with the season, and no class of songs is immune to this evanescence. Eight or ten years ago the "coon" song was sure to obtain wide prominence in the theatrical world and especially so in the minstrel shows. The great majority of these songs burlesquing the Negro was written by white men. The Negro, seeing that this was a source of making money rapidly, condescended to make himself ridiculous by writing "coon" songs about himself. Indeed our premier comedian, Ernest Hogan, made himself famous, and at the same time made money, by writing "All Coons Look Alike to Me." The following lines are typical of these songs:

"A burly coon and his yaller gal had a fallin' out,
The yaller gal called the burly coon a lazy roust-
about."

Another example:

"A burly coon, you know, who had to take his
clothes and go, came back home last night,
But his wife said, "Nigger, I'm done wid coons,
I'm goin' ter pass for white."

A still later song than either of the above, entitled "Coon, Coon, Coon, I Wish My Color Would Fade," still lingers in the memory of some Negroes with anything but cherished

pride. These songs no longer meet with the approbation of intelligent and self-respecting Negroes. We doubt if they would now be tolerated on the stage. The esthetic nature of the Negro has developed in a marked degree and more and more is he capable of appreciating the finer sentiments in song and music. The feeling stated in these "coon" songs occasionally find expression even now in more adroit language. These puns have now been superceded by the beautiful Negro and folk-songs of Cole and Johnson, such as "Under the Bamboo Tree" and "As Long as Congo Flows to the Sea." Not long ago the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, appreciating the fact that the Negro had made a revolution in music, published a series of songs by Cole and Johnson, illustrating the progress from the "coon" song type to the fascinating Negro lyrics of to-day. The pride of the Negro to-day would not tolerate a revival of the degrading, jingling puns of only yesterday, and we are pretty safe in saying that the "coon" song has seen its day.

Sec. Bonaparte's Speech.

We must admire the candor of speech and agree with the sentiments pronounced by Secretary of the Navy Charles J. Bonaparte in a recent conference with a delegation of Negroes. Secretary Bonaparte is one man in Maryland who has stood for the rights of the Negro and we are inclined to believe his expressions are sincere. The speech is notable for three reasons: first, Secretary Bona-

parte realized the wrongs perpetrated upon the Negroes and sympathized with them; second, he admitted that the race was capable of holding its place in the world if given a chance; third, he stated that the race was passing through a crisis and that the fittest would survive. He further said that wherever in the temperate and cold regions of America, South Africa, Australia and the islands of the South Sea, the white man had made himself at home, his presence had been fatal to all except the Negro race. Indians and Australians and Polynesians had died off before the white man, but the black man had not. He gave a valuable warning, therefore, to the Negro when he said that on every hand the white man is pushing the race to the wall and will crush its life out unless, with ceaseless activity, it will tax all its energies to stay the pressure. We need such candor and sincerity to arouse us from our easy chair and lethargy and to open our eyes to the gravity of the situation and to the true condition of organic affairs. "There is no room in America for people who can not take care of themselves," continued Mr. Bonaparte. "I am one of those who feel strongly the repeated injustice and frequent perfidy which have marked our treatment of the Indians; but, after all has been said, the Indians would not or could not or at all events did not learn to work in competition with the white men, and they have been first pushed to the wall and then crushed against it. You must either share their fate or profit by their example. You can't, in this country,

'rest and be thankful,' for if you try to do this, you will soon have nothing to be thankful for. The idle and sensual and benighted are never really free, and America now is a country only for freemen."

Cuban Immigration

The republic of Cuba is to spend \$1,000,000 yearly in inducing immigration and is bound to start the tide her way. The act which she has just passed holds out unusual inducements. The prime object of the new legislation is to encourage the coming in of people who will develop the sugar land of the island, as yet the system of sugar cultivating is somewhat primitive and peculiar and needs much improvement.

Eight hundred thousand dollars is to be used to transport families from Europe and the Canary Islands, and \$200,000 in paying the fares of single men from Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Northern Italy. Other unusual inducements are offered. But the thing which interests us particularly is that Chinese and West Indian Negroes are barred on the ground that they are a menace to white labor. This strikes our mind with peculiar meaning. Here, too, the black man is a problem, or rather being the problem he is, the Cuban does not wish to deal with him and takes the easiest of way getting rid of him by barring him entirely from the island. Of course, reading between the lines, this is a direct slap at all Negroes from whatever country. If there was ever a people that should sympathize with the oppressed Negro,

it should be the Cuban, for only eight years ago the Negro shed his blood to help free that people from the dreadful tyranny of Spain. The painful thorn has been pulled out of the lion's paw and that same paw has wielded an awful slap at one of its main liberators. Cuba, too, is to be a white man's country!

The Imperfect Pilgrims.

According to the utterances of the Hon. John D. Long at Plymouth a few days ago, the pilgrims were far from being a perfect people. A man less courageous than this distinguished citizen would hardly dare to state his convictions so boldly. Mr. Long said in part: "Even in this Pilgrim colony the saints can be counted on the fingers. We are apt to think of it as a little kingdom of heaven on earth. But it is amusing to read the loving and scriptural phraseology under guise of which the knife of shrewd dicker was stuck into each other's ribs. Some of the very elect intrusted with its affairs were false to the trust and used their positions to feather their own nests—much falser to their trust than any president of a modern insurance company. The first minister sent to it in 1624 was a factious hypocrite who stirred up strife and was shown to have been a libertine, guilty of gross immorality. The second was a cross between a crank and an idiot, and was shipped off in short order. One of the original number was hung for wilful murder. Within the first decade social vices infested the community, drunkenness, bickering,

slander, licentiousness, even crimes against nature, and all this in a community of very limited numbers. No New England village of to-day need fear comparison. But the good prevailed with them over the evil, as it has prevailed with us and will hereafter prevail.

I believe that all the present eruption and riot and violence which startle us to-day are only the boiling of the cauldron which, hot and scalding now, is sloughing off the scum.

But on the other hand, I do not shut my eyes to the perils. I recognize the discontent in the body politic which shakes the foundations under us like the tremors of an earthquake. It is a discontent that arises not from the fact that the great body of the people have little, for they never had so much. It arises from the fact that the man who has a hundredfold more than the Pilgrim compares himself, not with the Pilgrim, but with his neighbor, who has a hundredfold more than himself. The man who walks hates the man who drives a horse, but when he has his horse is unhappy because of the man who spins by him in an automobile, blowing a horn and raising a cloud of dust, and whom he hates. The great problem of our material age is not the accumulation, but the distribution of wealth. It is the inequalities that sting and make festers. It takes a little philosophy to accept the inevitable laws of Nature, yet the inequalities of fortune, which naturally arise under a condition of equal rights and privileges for all, are the very stimulus to enterprise, to activity.

It is well for us, however justly impatient we may be of the powerful massings of capital which have set going the great industrial wheels of production and employment, to carefully guard, while properly restricting them, against too violent an impairment of enterprise and investment, which might result in disaster not only to financial but industrial interests, cut off the flow of wages and support, and kill the goose that lays the golden egg on which all of us alike are directly or indirectly feeding.

Is it not just here that the church has its present great opportunity as a mighty conservative power for wisdom and righteousness, for peace and content? For content is happiness, and discontent is misery. Not the pulpit alone, not the preacher alone, but the church of the people, the Pilgrim church, the church gathered 300 years ago to-day at Scrooby—the church of all men and women who believe that God reigns, a church which, with all its forces united and working together, is a power mighty enough to meet and solve the problems of our days, however full of peril they seem."

The Negro's Darkest Night.

We come into life without our knowledge or consent. We depart from life into the unpitied chamber of death against our wish or will. As with the individual, so with the race. We are not responsible at birth for our physical attributes or characteristics. But from the rapid pace, from the cradle, through childhood, youth, manhood and to the

grave, great changes are wrought in the character and purposes of the individual. Chief among these, is a change from a helpless prattling infant to a citizen of grave duties and responsibilities. Every race, like every individual, must pass through its period of hardships and oppressions on its trying path to life's goal. Each must overcome stirring vicissitudes and press his way through the dark shadows of degradation and reputed inferiority.

Prof. Kelly Miller of Howard University, Washington, D. C., one of the finest specimens of the educated Negro in this country, in his logical and forceful argument in defense of the race has the following to say: "In the course of history the ascendancy of the various races and nations of men is subject to strange variability. The Egyptian, the Jew, the Indian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, has each had his turn at domination. When the earlier nations were in their zenith of art and thought and song, Franks and Britians, and Germans were roaming through dense forest, groveling in subterranean caves, practicing barbarous rites, and chanting horrid incantations to graven gods. In the proud days of Aristotle, the ancestors of Newton and Shakespeare and Bacon could not count beyond the ten fingers. As compared with the developed civilization of the period; they were a backward, though as subsequent development has shown, by no means an inferior race. There were hasty philosophers in that day who branded these people with the everlasting stamp of inferiority."

Is not the Negro race passing through its darkest period? Its night of hate and prejudice? Surely a more hideous picture of race crucifixion could not be painted than is found in the twentieth chapter of Dr. Sutton E. Griggs' book, entitled "The Hindered Hand," the story of a sad ending of Bud and his wife, Foresta, both well educated, self-respecting, industrious and thrifty; told with a pen of fire is not fiction, but fact. This couple went to the state of Mississippi from Tennessee where happenings conspired to render life uncomfortable. They went to Mississippi in the hope of living a peaceful life by hard labor. They prospered beyond the measure of their white neighbors because they employed system and business methods in their work, but on account of their prosperity, they aroused the envy and jealousy of their white neighbors. A plot was put on foot to get rid of them. Without provocation or excuse, one of the local white leaders, volunteered to visit Bud's house and pick a quarrel with him in the hope that there might be some chance of destroying his home and the couple. When this ruffian visited the home of the Negro couple, Bud was not there and Foresta apprehending danger, eluded the white man and made her way to the woods where she met her husband and told him what was about to happen. In the meanwhile, the white man discovered that Foresta had left the house and went in search of her. He found the couple together in the distance and immediately opened fire on them, but Bud being well trained and hav-

ing his gun at hand, took aim and shot the white man who died in a few minutes.

The chapter opens with the pathetic scene of a little white boy begging his mother to allow him to visit the scene of the lynching. Following is that part of the chapter which cannot help but prove extremely distressing to those who are inclined to regard with sympathy the case of the Negro in this country:

* * * * He ran with all the speed at his command and arrived at the railway station just in time to see the mob begin its march with Bud and Foresta toward the scene of the killing of Sidney Fletcher.

Arriving at the spot where Fletcher's body had been found, the mob halted and the leaders instituted the trial of the accused.

"Did you kill Mr. Sidney Fletcher?" asked the mob's spokesman of Bud.

"Can I explain the matter to you, gentlemen?" asked Bud.

"We want you to tell us just one thing: did you kill Mr. Sidney Fletcher?"

"He tried to kill me," replied Bud.

"And you therefore killed him, did you?"

"Yes, sir. That's how it happened."

"You killed him, then?" asked the spokesman.

"I shot him, and if he died I suppose I must have caused it. But it was in self-defense."

"You hear that, do you? He has confessed," said the spokesman to his son who was the reporter of the world-wide news agency that was to

give to the public an account of the affair.

"Well, we are ready to act," shouted the spokesman to the crowd.

Two men now stepped forward and reached the spokesman at about the same time.

"I got a fine place, with everything ready. I knew what you would need and I arranged for you," said one of the men.

"My place is nearer than this, and everything is as ready as it can be. I think I am entitled to it," said the other.

"You want the earth, don't you?" indignantly asked the first applicant of the second.

Ignoring this thrust the second applicant said to the spokesman, "You know I have done all the dirty work here. If you all wanted anybody to stuff the ballot box or swear to false returns, I have been your man. I've put out of the way every biggety nigger you have sent me after. You know all this."

"You've been paid for it, too. Ain't you been to the legislature? Ain't you been constable? Haven't you captured prisoners and held 'em in secret till the Governor offered rewards and then you have brought 'em forward? You have been well paid. But me, I've had none of the good things. I've done dirty work, too, don't you forget it. And now I want these niggers hung in my watermelon patch, so as to keep darkies out at nights, being as they are feart of haunts, and you are here to keep me out of that little favor."

The dispute waxed so hot that it was finally decided that it was best to accept neither place.

"We want this affair to serve as a warning to darkies to never lift their hand against a white man, and it won't hurt to perform this noble deed where they will not forget it. I am commander to-day and I order the administration of justice to take place near the Negro Church."

"Good! Good!" was the universal comment.

The crowd dashed wildly in the direction of the church, all being eager to get places where they could see best. The smaller boys climbed the trees so that they might see well the whole transaction. Two of the trees were decided upon for stakes and the boys had to come down. Bud was tied to one tree and Foresta to the other in such a manner that they faced each other. Wood was brought and piled around them and oil was poured on very profusely.

The mob decided to torture their victims before killing them and began on Foresta first. A man with a pair of scissors stepped up and cut off her hair and threw it in the crowd. There was a great scramble for bits of hair for souvenirs of the occasion. One by one her fingers were cut off and tossed into the crowd to be scrambled for. A man with a cork screw came forward, ripped Foresta's clothing to her waist, bored into her breast the cork-screw and pulled forth the live quivering flesh. Poor Bud, her helpless husband, closed his eyes and turned away his head to avoid the terrible sight. Men gathered about him and forced his eyelids open so that he could see all.

When it was thought that Foresta had been tortured sufficiently, atten-

tion was turned to Bud. His fingers were cut off one by one and the cork-screw was bored into his legs and arms. A man with a club struck him over the head, crushing his skull and forcing an eyeball to hang down from the socket by a thread. A rush was made toward Bud and a man who was a little ahead of his competitors snatched the eyeball as a souvenir.

After three full hours had been spent in torturing the two, the spokesman announced that they were now ready for the final act. The brother of Sidney Fletcher was called for and was given a match. He stood near his mutilated victims until the photographer present could take a picture of the scene. This being over the match was applied and the flames leaped up eagerly and encircled the writhing forms of Bud and Foresta.

When the flames had done their work and had subsided, a mad rush was made for the trees which were soon denuded of bark, each member of the mob being desirous, it seemed, of carrying away something that might testify to his proximity to so great a happening."

Alexander's Magazine For September.

The September number of Alexander's Magazine will be devoted to the National Negro Business League which meets in Atlanta, Georgia, August 29th, 30th, and 31st. A full account of the session will be given together with sketches and portraits of prominent business men of the country. You should not fail to secure a copy of the number. Many other features of interest will be presented. Send 10 cents to-day to the Editor in order to secure a copy.

SONNETS OF REMEMBRANCE.

BY WILSON JEFFERSON.

*Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

▲ later knowledge man has somehow
gained—

A knowledge born, they say, of wis-
dom rare—

That honors means, not ends, and
doth prepare

To cancel griefs and wrongs that
long have pained

With sore afflictions, as by heaven or-
dained—

Not rashly, as they say, but biding
time

And circumstance, till man and
goodness chime

And all the boons of love flourish un-
feigned.

But thou, O Father, knowest of his
heart

Who stirred at wrongs, impatient as
the wind

Sweeping the level fields of bending
grain;

Who evil saw and nobly did his part;
I left friends and foes and dalliers all
behind,

And strove to bring to earth thy
love again.



John Brown.

God fired his soul with purposes of right,	In rich effulgence, those of lesser light.
Gave it a dauntless daring glow, and gave	Even now his courage glows across the years
Its owner faith, that armor of the brave	Of servile, thought confused and faith grown cold
Who heed the heart's appeal against man's might—	With no uncertain glimmer; as of old
And then with boldness flamed he on the sight	It stirred the heart through self-forgetting tears—
Of men and weaklings, like a star far-flashed	It still condemns the part that reason plays
Across the waiting dark, leaving abashed,	O'er hearts unreasoning and degenerate days.

Lincoln.

Beside thy greatness, O most noble man!	Of thy rich wisdom they would wisely scan.
Speech seems a vapor striving with the sun;	Our similes and tropes in love begun
And all our far-fetched figures vainly run	Strive at high tasks, but ere a victory won
A gamut metaphoric, when the plan	Acknowledge that our love all thought outran.

And yet—to venture—thou art like a tree
Whose limbs far spreading tell of liberty—
Of noble growth in forest side remote,
Giving to lesser clinging things support,
But seen afar, a beacon of the glade,
To rivals of its greatness offering shade.



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LINCOLN IN 1861.

CHANGED.

How strangely different the backward look on life,
From that with which we viewed it in our childhood
days,

When every vision was with hope and wonder rife,
At every path we saw new parting of our ways.

The playmate whom we loved, and yet so often vexed,
Is now a sedate surgeon, so unlike that child!
The other schoolmate who with us stood next,
Became a lawyer, and, The Judge, he now is styled.

Another sprightly boy, a farmer is today,
His daintiness has learned to follow with the plow,
A girl too nice for me, his wife is now, they say,
With ease he won her, though I never could know how.

One frouzle-headed boy, a wealthy man this morn,
Was he who won the fairest, frailest of our flowers,
As children, though, I knew them, yet children have been
born,

Some grown up but to bless, some faded with the hours,
With mingled sense of sadness, look I o'er the past
How unlike what I dreamed it when we gathered last!

PERRY MARSHALL.

New Salem, Mass.

JOHN BROWN AT OSSAWOTAMIE.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

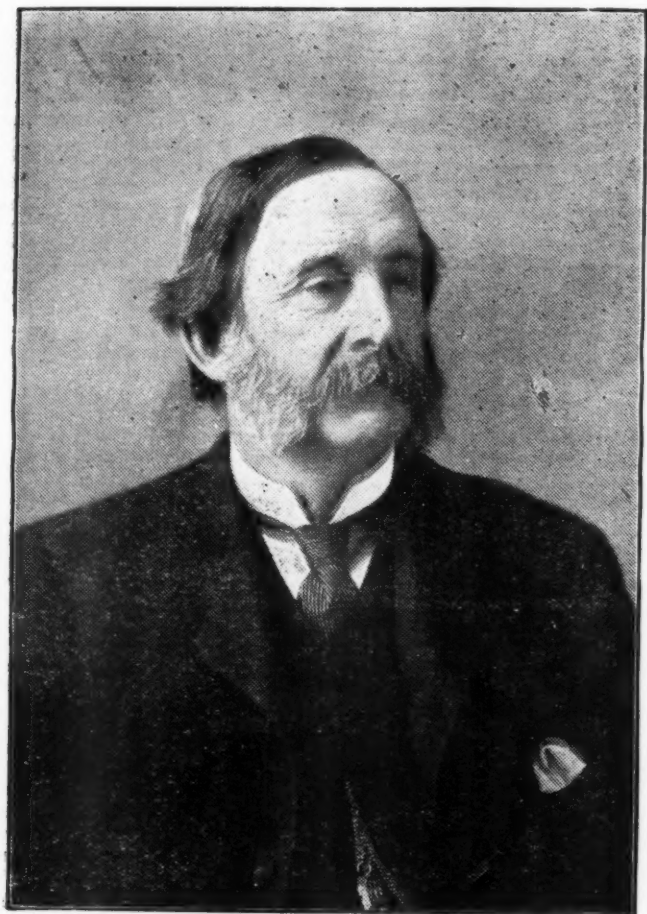
The half-century following any man's death, even if it does not banish him from public memory is pretty sure to narrow down the conspicuous points of interest in his history to a very few, on which all memory concentrates. To make this clear in the life of Captain John Brown, it needs only to turn the pages of those absorbingly interesting manuscript letters from and to him which are so well preserved and mounted in two large volumes in the Boston Public Library. The early business letters only show him as one emerging by degrees from the commonplaceness of a somewhat unsuccessful business life; then Kansas claims him, though as yet only casually, and brings forth a series of acts long misinterpreted—even now not always clearly understood. Among these stands out the one picturesque word "Osawotamie" and that word clings to his brief and commonplace name. Then came his visits to Boston; his needlessly artificial and elaborate mode of organization for a band of men whose methods and even aims appear indeterminate; then his partial betrayal and the interruption of all; then the growing unsteadiness of mind which these long delays have developed; then the last convulsive outbreak in an unexpected quarter; then its speedy overthrow and crushing defeat; then his trial and his death. It is but fifty years ago; the great Civil War came and went, with the minor contests in Cuba, at Manila; America has grown used to wars, and yet the name of John Brown still tells its own story and achieves, alike all turning points in a nation's history a fame that might seem disproportionate. But it no longer extends itself impartially, as it once did, over the whole of its hero's life, but concentrates upon two points, the battle of Osawotamie and the scaffold.

naturally enough convinced themselves that Brown himself had been killed in the fight. The following letter on the contrary shows him very much alive:

"Lawrence, Kansas Territory,

"Sept. 7, 1856.

"Dear Wife and Children, every one—I have one moment to write to you, to say that I am yet alive, that Jason and family were well yesterday; John and family, I hear, are well (be being yet a prisoner). On the morning of the 30th of August an attack was made by the Ruffians on Osawatmie, numbering some four hundred, by whose scouts our dear Frederick was shot dead without warning—he supposing them to be Free State men, as near as we can learn. One other man, a cousin of Mr. Adair, was murdered by them about the same time that Frederick was killed, and one badly wounded at the same time. At this time I was about three miles off, where I had some fourteen or fifteen men over night that I had just enlisted to serve under me as regulars. These I collected as well as I could, with some twelve or fifteen more; and in about three-quarters of an hour I attacked them from a wood with thick undergrowth. With this force we threw them into confusion for about fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time we killed or wounded from seventy to eighty of the enemy—as they say—and then we escaped as well as we could, with one killed while escaping, two or three wounded and as many more missing. Four or five Free State men were butchered during the day in all. Jason fought bravely by my side during the fight, and escaped with me, he being unhurt. I was struck by a partly spent grape, canister or rifle shot, which bruised me some, but did not injure me seriously. "Hitherto the Lord has helped me," notwithstanding



COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

The former of these two was in reality one of three skirmishes—counting as battles in those days—all occurring in the same vicinity. We have John Brown's account of it, as written for his own family, which fairly enough matches the tale as told by the Missouri newspapers, except that these my afflictions. Things seem rather quiet now, but what another hour will bring I cannot say. I have seen there or four letters from Ruth, and one from Watson, of July or August, which are all I have seen since in June. I was very glad to hear once more from you, and hope that you will continue to write to some of the friends, so that I may hear from you. I am utterly unable to write you for most of the time. May the God of our fathers bless and save you all!

"Your affectionate husband and father,
John Brown."

Passing now from this first point of assured interest, let us turn to the other—and the last. It is needless to go over the intervening years of Captain Brown's life or to tell in detail the story of Harper's Ferry. Many have told it with himself to aid in the narrative and no one has ever precisely solved or will solve the strange impulse which led him to substitute a hopeless bit of self-sacrifice—of himself and others—for the more deliberate and wholly practicable plans of his earlier days. These plans were simply to effect the liberation of a number of slaves by forays here and there, availing himself of his early knowledge of the Virginia mountains and establishing temporary camps there from which successive parties might be sent through to Canada, as he had more than once done on a smaller scale. Instead of this, he risked all on his descent upon Harper's Ferry—and lost. Rarely in history has there been a case where the march of events has been so close and inexorable; rarely has a man so pronounced his own death warrant and adhered to it. By his first friends arriving from the North, Captain Brown sent back his distinct prohibition of all attempts to rescue him and after this we all knew that if we had risked our lives to break down the prison door, he would

not have crossed the threshold. The last hope of his yielding this prohibition rested on bringing Mrs. Brown from the family home at North Elba, N. Y., and my own trip thither and her return with me to Boston, long since described in print, were undertaken mainly for this purpose—and vainly. He refused even to see his wife. In view of Brown's firm refusal to be rescued, it seemed almost ludicrous to fill the little town with several thousand troops, or to place loaded cannon to command the gallows or sweep the empty streets; still more, to keep all strangers two or three miles away. Yet all this only makes more vivid to the mind, the details of the trial itself, which followed in due course, including also Brown's last speech, unequalled in the history of American oratory for simplicity and power, or that equally impressive march to execution. Sitting on the coffin, he was carried to the scaffold and on the way he quietly looked out on the landscape and said, "This is a beautiful country." He mounted the gallows ladder firmly and when the sheriff handed him a cloth to give the signal for execution, he declined it saying, "I am ready at any time, but do not make me wait longer than is necessary." The sheriff had orders to wait for the troops to go through needless evolutions. Brown stood erect for ten long minutes with the cap over his eyes and his hands bound. There was no visible shuddering; when the sheriff asked him pityingly if he were not tired, he answered, "Not tired, but don't make me wait longer than is absolutely necessary." That was all.

This scene was enough to make the death of Captain Brown one to be permanently remembered in history. "High treason," says Froude, "is either the greatest of crimes or the noblest of virtues." The conventional historians, like Nicolay, Hay and Rhodes, can never see beyond the daily and familiar assertion that public measures should be settled by the numerical majority at some recognized election; or, as Von Holst truly says that "all coercive reform shall act by authority of law only; but it is as true

of modern as of ancient society that the forms of Republican government may be duly observed long after there are Caesars on the throne.

Dr. Featherstone's bibliography of Brown, including magazine articles, amounted several years ago to eighty entries and would now, doubtless, be doubled or quadrupled. Brown's name is destined to be one of the permanent figures, as perplexing to many students as the Negro question itself, of which he is so central a figure. What is most remarkable is that this ominous and prophetic character was foretold from the beginning in the minds of those brought in contact with him. For one, I had the sensation of it from the time I had my first private interview with him in his little room at a cheap Boston hotel. Not one of the small band who knew him in those days could have guessed how these visions were to come out, yet all felt that something impended; and thenceforth watched, if they did not aid. His power of silence was as marked as that of speech, and when refused or discouraged he would walk quietly away without a word. Expressing no disappointment, he would quietly return to the charge, and very probably win his wish at last. Even those who knew him best were sometimes misled by this reticence. When his plans were at stake, he sometimes misled without deceiving. People who have never seen him, like Victor Hugo or Dr. Von Holst, sometimes divined him more closely than those who knew him best; and Victor Hugo distinctly prophesied that his act would prove a death blow to slavery, when no one in this country had ventured quite so far.

No picture of John Brown records his aspect, in later days, so well as does Brackett's bust of him, based on measurements taken in the Virginia prison, a little while before his death. The emaciation of prison life gave a high and narrow look to the head, and the measurements were taken while he sat chained to his chair with feet chained to the floor. He for some time declined to have it done, saying, "No consequence to posterity how I looked; give the money to the poor!" and yielded at last only to the warm wishes of his most devoted friends, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Stearns. David Wasson said of the bust what many others have felt: "His was the most determined face I ever beheld. His lips were like the lips of fate, and yet they met together as lightly as rose petals. There was no contraction of the facial muscles; no clinching of the teeth; his determination was of a pure moral quality."

It is not yet known what kind of memorial or inscription will be adopted at Osawotamie, but the example of simplicity has been set in the marble monument already placed there, which is: "This inscription is also in commemoration of Capt. John Brown who commanded at the battle of Osawotamie, Aug. 30, 1856, who died and conquered American slavery, at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859." Simpler still is the inscription which two citizens of Boston—Colonel Francis L. Lee and Hon. George S. Hale—caused long since to be cut deeply into the great boulder which stands near the door of the family household at North Elba, N. Y.: "John Brown, 1859."



Charge of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment at Ft. Wagner

July 18, 1863, Morris Island, Charleston Harbor, S. C.

BY WILLIAM T. BARKS

'Mid summer's eve, behind a bank of clouds,
The mighty orb of day was sinking low,
The scudding clouds, like the black steeds of night,
Which shut the blood red sun from human sight,
Then muttering low the signal guns,
Of Heaven which shook the ground,
Black clouds were seamed with lightning red,
The gloom was torn and rent.

The rain in torrents then did pour,
Swept by the gusts of wind along the sandy shore
Of Morris Island, the gate of Charleston town,
Whose mighty batteries seaward frowned,
Defiance at the ships of war,
At anchor rode outside the bar,
The massive guns in silence point,
To sweep with death the ditch and moat.

The shotted guns in field and fort
That stood to cover all the port,
Defiance bid the army and the fleet,
Defeat at Charleston's gates to meet,
Trained were three hundred guns or more
To sweep the beach and harbor shore;
On the beach we see a dusky line and long
Of determined men with purpose strong,

And from the vivid lightning flash
We see that line in quickened pace,
Advancing to the battle's shock,
To face that fire and death to mock.
'Twas the black man's time to lead the van
And show the world that he's a man,
To die for freedom and his God;
The freedom of his race make good.

We see that line as stern as fate,
Advancing to the very gates
Of famed old Sumpter, once whose walls
Were smitten by the rebel's balls.
He moves beyond the Beacon House,
Then to the left he turns his course,
And, forming line of battle then,
To drive the haughty foe from field and fen,

The lines were formed, the fortress' guns
Were silent, double shotted, trained upon
That line of blue which stretches far away,
Far from the sandy beach and the white spray.
Stupendous task to face, but quail they never;
But, with set teeth and iron nerves,
On bloody fields of mortal strife
To meet the foe, defend the right.

Once more we see that waiting line
As the dull-faced moon arose to shine;
In the dusky twilight, partial gloom,
Arose the outlines bold of the forts, so soon
To be stormed by the men who once were slaves,
And now risk their lives for freedom to save;
Now ready are they to show the world
That they were men in deed and worth.

Look, the brave Shaw is pacing up and down
The lines thus formed to face the battery's frown,
Listen: he in language clear and bold,
Says to the men once bought and sold,
"This night you prove the manhood of your race,
"Or sink as slaves in dire disgrace,
"Looking is the world, and noting, too,
"If you as others shall stand in manhood true.

"Your rights as freemen you must defend,
"Life counts but little, where right is questioned as
to men,
"That you for truth and justice stand,
"Fight for that right that is equal for all men,
"Regardless of races or nationalities,
"The law must and shall give to all equality,
"That freedom for which the fathers sought,
"For it at Lexington and Bunker Hill they fought."

Again, we look and see that line advance,
In victory or in death to take a chance,
They advance three hundred yards or more,
Cast up, as it were, the mighty ocean's foam,
The fiery billows from the forts did roll,
More grand and terrible than Etna's fires of old,
In that withering sirocco of iron and lead,
On that field in scores men lay mangled and dead,

Look, oh, that sudden burst of flame,
Which leaps from Wagner's walls of fame,
And like a mighty conflagration,
Lights up the bastions to foundation,
Which swept the moat, the ditch and trench,
And like the hurricane that's on the desert sand,
Which drives in clouds the sand with death to all
In myriads great and columns tall.

In clouds the sun his face he vells,
All life thus perish on that sandy vale,
But, oh, that leaden and that iron blast,
That smote to earth, the die is cast,
These men in hundreds who for manhood's sake,
Charged through that sheet of heated flame,
And for a race downtrodden there to make a name,
Disdaining mines and shotted guns and rifle balls.

There they die that freedom come to all,
Undaunted and with courage fine,
On moves that thin and shattered line,
Behold! the walls are reached and scaled,
A shout of victory from these heroes torn and scarred,
But no; the vantage ground they cannot hold,
But the enemy in numbers strong and bold,
Rallies to drive their feeble numbers back.

Fresh were their men with ranks intact,
They force in slow retreat that weakened little band,
Now left without support that should have been at
hand,
To hold the ground thus gained and sealed with
So much blood.
But naught and futile was that effort for the good,
To drive the traitors back beyond old Charleston walls,
And over the hotbed of secession in triumphant walk,
What Bunker Hill to the white man was in aim,

Fort Wagner to the Negro in interest is the same,
The gallant Shaw is dead upon that bloody wall,
The hero Carny brings back the flag to all,
That night chapter of blood is closed, their lines are
reached,
And all is silent on that sandy beach;
But never on fields of human strife was known
A loftier heroism than that at Wagner shown,
Where the gallant Fifty-fourth old Massachusetts
name,
Who fought for liberty, equality and manhood true.



SO FAR!

Thou songful soul, whose eyes shall shame the stars,
And whose sweet smile outshines the unmatched sun,
Whose loveliness the unlit east unbars,
Before the morn's awake, or day begun;

Thy graceful form 'mid bloom's fond sweetness sways,
Thy gracious words fall lightly as the dew,
Them, memory holds as nosegays of those days,
Which are re-lived in love's oft-made review.

So far! and yet thou seem'st me sometimes nigh,
So violence might take thy form by force,
The vanished spectre leaves my grasp a sigh,
Thus sorrow's wrecks are strewing sorrow's course.

Thy gentle footfalls, like yon evening star,
Seem softer with each step, far in the west,
And not upon the east, their path afar,
Is farther yet from me who am unblest,
Since thine approach their tread not echoes more,
Nor shall e'er echo on my own sky's shore.

THE HINDERED HAND.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER

The man who studies the Negro at close range, discovers that while some of the more intelligent men of the race are apathetic or are completely disheartened as to their future in the United States, he finds at the same time that the vast majority show political and economic unrest and discontent, but are looking eagerly and hopefully into the future for a change for the better in the order of things. Indeed, the distressing voices of black people may be heard in every inhabited spot in the South, crying out for justice, entreating the nation to give them an opportunity to exercise the common rights of man. Once in a great while, one voice ringing out clearly above all the others, and sounding a new note, is heard above the wail of the seething vortex of black humanity, but is it heeded?

Springing from the heart of the black mass in the South, with the pen of his sceptre, his soul burning within him and his tongue freighted with molten eloquence, there has just appeared above the horizon a new Moses for his people. This man has suffered. The perplexities of his life have been many. With powerful electric forces in his words and a consuming fire in his blood he has ventured out courageously in the full blaze of a new day to lead the Negro masses into the promised land. This man is from Nashville, Tenn. He has come up from the Negro masses and his power is not limited to eloquence of speech (in this he is well gifted) or of magnetism of personality, but in the great force and virility of his pen. This man is destined to fill an important place in the history of the upward strivings of the Negro race. He is a true leader. His name is Sutton E. Griggs. He is a Baptist preacher, a plain sort of man and but thirty-four years of age. He is one of the

leaders of the Negro race and his rise has not been without careful preparation. Well schooled, a careful observer and having shared the diversified experiences of the average Negro of intelligence in the South, Sutton E. Griggs is well prepared to do the work and to carry out the mission involved in the overwhelming indorsement of the National Baptist Convention of Negroes held recently in Philadelphia where over 10,000 black people were assembled. His literary work is marked by a determined optimism and an absolute sincerity of purpose. On the whole, he is commanding as much attention at the present time from thoughtful people in all parts of the country as any other Negro living at the South.

There are three distinct lines upon which this young man is working and which give promise of early fulfillment of prophecy. First of all, he is attracting more or less attention as the author of books dealing with the Negro problem. His first literary effort was given to the public some seven or eight years ago, a novel of two or three hundred pages entitled, "Imperium in Imperio." This book had a limited circulation among school teachers, and the more intelligent Negroes of the southern states. It created a profound impression within this influential circle. The New York Sun deemed it of sufficient importance to devote more than a column and a half of its space to a review of it. Since the publication of this book, Mr. Griggs has been able to produce three other volumes of very special value and interest to those interested in the Negro Problem. The latest of which is "The Hindered Hand." This book seems to have made a very favorable impression upon the entire nation and the black people especially in great

faith to it as a mold of public opinion favorable to their cause. The National Baptist convention, representing over two million communicants, has created a fund for the purpose of giving this remarkable book general circulation throughout the civilized world. It serves as an antidote to the "Leopard Spots" by Thos. Dixon, Jr.

Not alone is the author thus impressing the Negro public, but he is arresting the attention of more thoughtful white people who have come in contact with him and his work. It is significant that through practically all the reviews of his work, runs a note of the heartiest commendation upon the profound character of his presentation of the vital questions involved. The Chicago Record-Herald's remark that "Mr. Griggs is undoubtedly a man of keen brain, determined optimism, true spirit" and the Chicago Daily News' reference to the "Depth and seriousness, the keen mental grasp and the power and pathos with which he invests his theme," are typical of the estimates placed upon his work by some of the leading daily publications of the country.

A second source of power with Mr. Griggs, is his gift of speech. America has had abundant proof of the capabilities of the Negro race along the line of oratory. The thoughtful Negroes, well aware of what the race has done along this line make the assertion that from the standpoint of commanding eloquence, the superior of Suttom E. Griggs has not yet appeared upon the American platform. With this gift of oratory, he has secured a hold upon the hearts of his race that it would be hard to estimate. And the very striking thing about him as an orator, is his depth of thought accompanied with simplicity of language and eloquence of expression, by which he is able to sweep the masses and classes along with equal force.

He is a student of human nature and of great books and of psychic influences.

The third element of operation to make him a factor in the general situation is the charm of personality. His power for organization and direction

of the members of his race is remarkable. Quiet, unassuming and without ostentation, he is commanding attention on the part of the press which he justly merits.

One of the most scholarly men in the Negro race, perhaps the only real Negro specialist in the medical profession in America, Dr. C. V. Roman, professor of diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, in Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn., pays the following tribute to Mr. Griggs in connection with latest literary effort, "The Hindered Hand:"

"A tribune of his people; the author of 'The Hindered Hand.' Do men make history or does history make men? This is an old question and has been answered and argued both ways. I believe that history makes men. Man is the creature of environment.

"Leaders are born with the elements of leadership in them but exercise those faculties only when circumstances allow. Events make men. From a broad philosophic view point to speak of a self-made man is nonsense. Did any man ever choose his race or blood? Did any ever select his own paternity, his father, his mother and the moral union of their lives in him? Did any ever make himself a Hindoo? A Persian? A Greek? A Fire-worshipper? A Pagan? A Christian? Did any ever prepare beforehand to be a soldier, a poet, a priest? Could any fix himself by preference and will in Babylon, in Rome, in Pekin, in London? Could any by pre-arrangement adjust the conditions into which he would be born and of which he must avail himself or perish?....Has any man in any age or country to any degree whatever influenced not to say determined the antecedent conditions of his life's activities? It must be agreed that man does not determine his place in history; that he does not choose his country, his age, or his race; that he does not make the elements of his life and activity; that he does not originate or greatly influence the laws and conditions of his environment.

"What was Rome but a catapult and Caesar but a stone? He was flung from it beyond the Alps to fall upon

the barbarians of Gaul and Britain. What was Martel? The very name of him was Hammer! He was the hammer of Europe beating Africa. What was Alfred but the bared right arm of Saxon England? What was Dante but a wall of the Middle Ages? What was Luther but a tocsin? What was Columbus but the homing pigeon of an epoch of darkness and despair? What was William of Orange but the double fist of Holland? And Holland but the double fist of Protestantism? What was Washington but the unsheathed sword of a New World democracy? What was Napoleon but a thunderbolt rattling among the thrones of Europe? He did not fling himself but was flung." What is Griggs but a personification of the groans of an oppressed people? Born "Away down in Dixie" of parents who knew the horrors of "those agonizing, cruel slavery drops" but possessed the capacity to imbibe and assimilate civilization's culture, Sutton E. Griggs was reared in a home of refinement and given a liberal education which has been constantly augmented by travel, observation and reflection.

Studying the history of this and other countries, reading the current literature of the times, teaching and preaching among his own people, having quick intelligence, acute powers of observation, a relative memory and strong logical faculty, he has been happily placed to comprehend the zeit

geist—the spirit of the times. He has seen the devotees at the Altar of Freedom swept away by the river of Time and their children apostatize to the worship of Mammon. He has seen a degenerate renegade from Liberty's banner seeking by "a reflex light from Africa" to discover American gold. He has seen pro-slavery sentiment of the country seeking to win in the forum what it lost in the field. He has seen with indignation the subtle and far-reaching attempt of this sentiment to substitute race for fitness as a qualification for citizenship in this country. Being in the vanguard he has seen the door of opportunity and hope slowly closing to the thoughtful, industrious and law-abiding Colored people.

The time is ripe for the truth to be told and the American Negro needs an advocate in the court of Public Opinion to set the facts before the fair-minded citizenship of this country. "The genius of history is ever on the alert, the hour always finds the man." Thoughtful, conservative, self-sacrificing, peace-loving industrious and brave, Sutton E. Griggs seems fitted by nature and study and destined by fate and circumstances to be the tribune of his people. "The Hindered Hand" is but an earnest of his powers. It is a conservative and temperate statement of fact that every lover of liberty and justice should read. It will open their eyes in astonishment and maybe, their hearts to justice.

If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens, and fine dinners, and wine, and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king—I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading.—Macaulay.

THE ENGLISH SPEAKING RACE

BY KELT-NOR

A SONG OF THE THIRTIETH CENTURY; TO
BE SUNG IN THOSE DAYS BY UNCLE SAM

WRITTEN FOR ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE.

"It matters little where I was born,"
Or whether the most of my good forbears
Were pallid or dusky, or ruddy or brown,
Puritan wheat or convict tares :
I care not the shell of an o'erbaked clam
Which of them gives the tone to my face,
But I thank my stars that through them I am
One of the English-speaking Race.

Johnny and Sandy came out from their Isle,
Tried to exterminate Redman Lo ;
Finding him too tough, after awhile
Made him a member of Johnny and Co. ;
But Lo wouldn't work, and was pesky to tame,
So grandfather Ethiop wrought in his place ;
Wrought for his freedom, and painfully came
To be one of the English-speaking Race.

Next came Patrick and presently Fritz,
And grandfather Cohen, who brought to the strain
Stick-to-it-iveness patience and wits,
Won through his ages of grief and pain :
Knickerbocker already was here—and you may,
According to some people, readily trace
To him, in New York as on Table Bay,
The grit of the English-speaking Race.

Then came a most miscellaneous crowd,
South European, Armenian, Lap ;
And later a grandsire of whom I am proud,
The reticent, plucky, adaptable Jap :
But savage or civilized, bondman or free,
Each brought with him some saving grace,
Some good—and together they've made of me
The soul of the English-speaking Race.

THERE AND HERE

DAVID MAC JON.

His Journal.

S. S. "Saxonia"

Tuesday, June 26, 1906.

We are "casting off" from the Cunard wharf at East Boston, amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs.

Last month I gave you the contrast presented by the article of a British civil servant and that of a Bostonian much depressed traveller, on the much vexed subject of the worth-whileness of citizens with African blood in their veins, or, what you, sir, euphemistically describe as "The Negro Question." This month being on my way "There" (or, regardless of grammar, thither) I propose to take leave of authors and their articles, and just loaf and yarn.

Through what a confused scene we have just passed! Tender partings of near and dear friends, charming young ladies being snowed under masses of floral tributes, pleasant, but hurried farewells of polite officials of the Boston agency office, whilst amidst the general hurrying to and fro of grown-ups, two little girl passengers, of six and eight respectively, sit serenely in a corner comparing favorite dolls, one of which has been brought by each with her for the passage and is causing its mother some anxiety as to its immunity in the matter of seasickness.

Thank Heaven we are off at last! And now to interview the saloon, smoke room, state room, drawing room and bath room stewards and make things as smooth as may be (at any rate "board ship") for the coming eight days' "wrestle with all the world's Atlantic ocean and our own alimentary canal."

Wednesday, June 27.

Blessed calm and warmth! Comfort and luxury on board Atlantic liners have "grown a nights" during the last ten years, the luxury culminating in Marconi telegraphy, occasionally a

great boon, no doubt, but (as no member of our particular party has a sick friend on either side) of no use to us at the moment, though the "wireless telegram" rate of "6d per word" almost tempts one to electrify the air in the direction of some unoffending Yankee friend, from pure deviltry.

One of the chief luxuries is a "drawing room," at the steadiest end of the top deck on which the lounging chairs are ranged. He-creatures are admitted; so this old one strolls in, and after looking at the pictures of the Madrid outrage in the illustrated papers of June 9th, brought out by the Saxonia on her last trip, comes on an illustrated Guide to Windsor Castle and its surroundings, and wanders back to sixty years ago when he was a little kid at school near Runnymede and had pointed out to him at Slough (the station in those days for people who were bound for Windsor) a queer little slate roofed box from which a message could be sent by electricity all the way to London, twenty miles off. It remained for many years the only telegraph station on the island out of London, and might have remained so to this day had not we cousins across the water caught up the idea and rushed the wires all over their continent.

Thursday, June 28.

When I tell you that nearly all the passengers are partaking of three hearty meals besides 11 o'clock beef tea and 4 o'clock Chinese or Cingalese ditto, you will conclude that the calm continues and it is so! It seems that we are only fitted with the short-distance Marconi; but, as we meet during the day the "Lucania," "Philadelphia," "America," and "Empress," one or the other must surely be fitted with the long distance apparatus, we have our chances of disturbing our friends on

shore, let alone that by the "Baltic" which we meet late at night.

Friday, June 29.

A. glorious morning, and the good ship apparently in the tropics. Six a. m. is my time for the bath, fifteen minutes being the time allowance. To the bath steward:—"Steward! you've put hot water in my bath this morning." "No sir! It's the gulf stream." Then comes the cup of coffee and the three unsweetened crackers, which form the day's "chobah hazri," and after that the two mile constitutional on the piece of deck, about eight feet wide between our stateroom, whose port hole opens onto it, and the side of the vessel. You have 60 yards straight on end, so that 15 double turns go to the mile, and make it easy to count your two miles. Presently, as I am steaming along through the second third of my first mile, out comes a sailor and heaves a little deep bucket overboard, and, after letting it trail a bit hauls it up and pops in a thermometer, and declares the Fahr: temp: to be about 70 degrees, thereby clearing up the doubt which had lingered in my mind as to the bath steward's veracity. Then for an hour in the drawing room and out from a capacious pocket come a lot of clippings, collected within the last month or two, as reminders of something to say in "There and Here." How different the point of view of a scribe, as he sits at his desk in Boston Town, and that of the same person gliding through the blessed gulf stream on an Atlantic "liner!" How all the interest in the shore people and their doings and sayings becomes vague and patronizing! Here is the first batch of clippings, the scare headings of which read, "Chance for the Douma," "Rioting in Guadeloupe," and "The Claret of the Chateaux." A month ago these would have suggested quite a troop of judicious remarks; now only "Well, I guess the chance is rather for that poor little critter, the czar than for the douma. Guadeloupe, ahem, Guadeloupe? Is it still a French colony? or how? Anyway, let 'em have a little rioting from time to time. If it pleases them, poor dears, it can't hurt us any. Claret? Well, that happens to

be a subject on which I am not absolutely ignorant, and on which, therefore, what I might have to say would be given out with some diffidence, but * * *," down goes the bunch of clippings underneath the seat, from whence the good drawing room steward will doubtless dislodge it in one of his many rounds between now and tomorrow morning. Here, Tootle Too the Turk, blows his bugle call for "second sitting" (9 a. m.) breakfast, and the other batches are left for consideration till after that pleasant function.

And now, breakfast having been achieved, come "Bishop Potter at the Pilgrim's dinner in London," "Palizya, of the Russian general staff, providing for the inevitable other tussle five years hence with Japan," "The Negro feature of the Jamestown exposition," "A list of distinguished works written by authors in Jail," "The average expenses per man (at Yale) for the four years \$4,146," "Liberal unionism's decline," in England, "Monarchy or Republic in France," "The President's travelling expenses" and "The Age of Tips;" and—from the bishop to the tips, this batch joins the first one, the only subject of vital personal interest, at the moment, being that of tips; with ever so many obliging British stewards and stewardesses anticipating one's every wish for nine days or so.

Saturday, June 30.

Up to yesterday evening we had been steering a little south of east (so as to escape fogs and icebergs, we are told), but then we took a cant to the northeast and began steering straight for Queenstown; but still, at midday today, we were in the latitude of Oporto. The last time I crossed the Atlantic, knowing myself to be painfully subject to sea-sickness, I took tennant tablets of bromide of sodium before every meal, beginning two days before sailing and continuing till I "felt my sea legs." The passage each way, though not abnormal, was one which would have kept me on my back, calling helplessly for the steward. The blessed bromide enabled me to attend every meal, take exercise, and enjoy life, especially that part of

it which consisted of looking down on the "weak-minded" fellow passengers who had neglected to provide themselves with those tablets. And now? Well, up to this point I have conscientiously, before every meal now for seven days, sucked that bromide tablet; but, when a 14-year-old-very-easily-upset young person comes into the drawing room and informs me that we are to have "a concert on deck, with a dance after," this evening, I conclude that the time must have come that I have my sea legs, and that those tablets may be discontinued; and accordingly the bottle which contains them leaves my pocket and goes into my Gladstone bag. The "impromptu concert" comes off in the saloon, enlivened by one of the passenger's account of the fall, four years ago, of the Campanile in Venice, where he happened to be at that time; but the young people had to do without their dance on deck afterwards.

Sunday, July 1.

After bath, about to enter drawing room at 6:50 a. m., when aware of preparation going on therein for some religious ceremony. Curtain in front of one of the entrances drawn, but as it sways to and fro a young man, clean-shaved and with close cropped hair could be seen putting on, over his long belted black gown a still longer white silk one, plain in front but with a curiously shaped gold-embroidered cross all over the back of it. This arranged, he takes out of a parcel a couple of wax candles with their candlesticks, places them on the table at the far end of the drawing room and lights them, though the sun has been up these two hours and the electric lights all round the room are brilliant. He arranges other things on the table and then three ladies and two gentlemen (passengers presumably) enter, and the ceremony begins. The most remarkable thing in it is the agility with which the young man inside the gowns many times and quite suddenly kneels down before the table with the candles on it and recovers his upright position, with his back to the congregation all the while, so as to show them his gold-embroidered cross. After the congregation disperses he takes

a long time to wipe and polish his vessels and fold up his gowns, and then, looking like almost anybody else, carries his parcel away to his stateroom.

At 10:30 a. m., the young man appears again, at the regular "church of England" service, in the big dining room, only this time in an ordinary white gown. He reads the prayers, etc., and then another young man, also close-shaved and in a white gown, only with a gray band over his shoulders, preaches a good earnest sermon, and blesses the ship's crew (who occupy the center table for the occasion) and the rest of us round about.

Monday, July 2.

The water we are running through this morning 60 degrees, we being now in the latitude of the north of France. It continues calm, and we have intervals of fog during which the fog horn half way up the huge funnel gives a toot every minute, making you feel for the seconds during which it lasts, like a rat being shaken by a big mastiff.

Some lively boy passengers are selling for one shilling each, programs (printed on board) of the sports and dances which they tell us are to take place on the open deck this afternoon and evening, weather permitting. So far as we have gone at present it has permitted all one could wish; but there is one thing these Leviathans, depending on steam alone, lack, when compared with the Atlantic liners of 30 years ago which used to make the most of the wind when it was favorable, viz, the cheery song of the crew as they hauled on the ropes, when shifting sail:

"I bought a rooster for eighteen pence.

Heigh ho! Haul the main down!

The son of a gun flew over the fence;

It takes some time to haul the main down," etc.

Thursday, July 3, 9:30 p. m.

The weather did not permit, yesterday afternoon and evening. It gave us a "Scotch mist," or an "O'Donoghue's blessing," whichever you like to call it, and anything outside the cabins except a dogged constitutional tramp in a waterproof, was out of the question. But, as the afternoon

wore on, cut came a bevy of charming young ladies with an entirely new set of ornamental programmes. These referred to an amateur concert to be given in the dining room at 8:30 p. m., in aid of the funds of the Seamen's Orphans' School. This accordingly came off as advertised, and when the same bevy reappeared in their prettiest frocks and took up a collection during the concert, you quite felt that the quarter each, which they had charged for the programs went for nothing, and only produced about \$100, entertainment and all thrown in.

This morning I didn't catch the sail-or using his temperature thermometer to the Atlantic; but, if the water felt like the air, 50 degrees must have amply covered it. The boys and girls, however, kept themselves warm playing shuffle board and ship's quoits and laughing and talking over last night's concert, and about the curious way in which some of us British born people pronounce on and "exasperate our hs." Presently, the weather having cleared, it was given out that yesterday's postponed sports would come off at 3 p. m. and the dance, on the deck above the dining room at 8:30. All which has verified itself. The boys ran in sacks, and by twos sat opposite each other on horizontal booms and pounded each other with small wool-stuffed bags till one or the other fell off on to big wool-stuffed sacks laid there to break the fall; and there was "tug of war," six of a side, between married and single, resulting in a triumph for the latter, in spite of the married team having won the first heat, partly through their having given a twist round a post to their end of the rope and partly to their youngsters having jumped in on their side at a critical time. In short it all went off very well, including an impromptu marching around, with several joyful yells, by our Hibernian fellow passengers in the steerage, who are looking forward to throwing themselves down tomorrow afternoon (some of them after so many years' absence) on the blessed soil of the Emerald Isle.

How it reminded me of the beautiful freedom and absence of mauvaise honte on the steerage, when, twenty-

seven years ago this very month, three jolly boys came out with me that way, and the German farmer, who came on board at Liverpool on his way back to his farm in Minnesota (where he had passed the previous 20 years or so without learning much English), would have liked to marry the pretty little Irish girl, who came on board at Queenstown and whom he had never seen before in his life, before we reached Sandy Hook.

He, poor fellow, used to sit by her on the deck after we were a couple of days out from Queenstown, and point to his own heart and murmur "Hauz-band," and then to her's and whisper "vaife," and at last she could stand it no longer, but told my young Irish cousin, who was one of my boys, that she "wouldn't be made a 'holy show' of any more." After that the poor fellow couldn't get her to sit on the deck with him again; but ever since I have always hoped and believed that she has become the mother of a troop of sturdy semi-teutonic Minnesotans, whose English is as good as yours or mine.

And now the "first cabin" passengers by the "R. M. S. Saxonia," who apparently are also capable anyway of becoming "acquaint," have changed their waltzes and two-steps into Sir Roger de Coverley, which they are dancing just above my berth, and I must turn in, if I don't intend to "jine the byes."

Wednesday, July 4, 1906, 1 p. m.

We are running up towards Queens-town in full sight of the beautiful outline of the Irish coast, and the purser tells me that letters for your side must be in by 3 p. m., so mine must be handed in now, or it will "rob a poor man of his" dinner. This poor man has small editions of the "flag of" his adopted "country" all round his skull cap, stuck there for the occasion by his little daughter, who, having been born a good American herself, was determined that there should be no mistake about the loyalty of one of her parents who hadn't had that advantage, to wit:

Thursday, July 5, 1906, 9 a. m.

Entering the dear old misty, murky, Mersey, and scarcely able to see her

banks. When I sent off my journal yesterday from Queenstown, I forgot to say that quite early in the morning when we had only just sighted the Irish coast there was put up in the announcement part of the ship, a "Marconigram" which got the present writer into some trouble. To explain how this trouble came about, I should tell you, (1) that, when I knew anything of the old country, the Great Western railroad was the only line from Plymouth to London, and that you could not, therefore, go through Salisbury at all. (2) That I supposed that Mayor McClellan must be attending to his business in New York, that I had not heard any whisper (as some of my fellow passengers had) of millionaire Thaw's little business. (4) That I had no idea of there being any provision for the inspection of tins in the bill for making the insolent beef barons behave themselves decently. (5) That the spelling of "assassinations" assassinations seems to indicate a desire to "goak" and; (6) that the fact of the 'gram's being apparently signed by a very well known brand of Habana cigars, and the calling of good old teetotal Sir Wilfred Lawson a centenarian when I could swear that he must be well under ninety, to say the least of it; and you will not wonder at my having at once supposed the whole thing to be a mauvaise plaisanterie of the arch joker among the passengers, who had been keeping us all lively ever since we left Boston bay.

This said, I give you an exact copy of what so misled me:

Marconigram.

Boat express from Plymouth to London conveying passengers from steamer New York wrecked in Salisbury. Sunday morning while rounding dangerous curve at great speed twenty-eight killed mostly Americans and twelve injured. Mayor McClellan proceeded to Southampton aboard the steamer thus escaping the catastrophe. (Sic.)

Millionaire Thaw who killed Architect Stanford White on Madison garden's roof from motives of jealousy indicted wilful murder pleaded not guilty. Public sympathies with Thaw owing to provocation.

Congress passed meat bill minus provision requiring date for state inspections on tins. But placing cost of inspection on the government. Situation in Russia increasing by disturbed assassinations (sic) daily, especially Warsaw. Another battle in Natal. Six hundred rebels killed. Obituaries. Yachting skipper Hank Haff. Sir Wilfred Lawson, centenarian.

Signed (sic) MANUEL GARCIA.

Presently up came the arch joker, and even when he had denied the authorship and the steward had stoutly declared that the Marconigram was genuine, I still maintained that it must be a fraud, and thereby, as I have hinted, because suspected myself of the mauvaise plaisanterie of fooling with a very serious matter.

And I did feel foolish, when the 'gram appeared in print in the ship's "Bulletin," properly spelled, and the obituaries reading: Yachting skipper Hank Haff, Sir Wilfred Lawson, and Centenarian Signor Manuel Garcia.

And one of my pleasantest of anticipations on this voyage was that of having one more handshake with dear old Don Manuel, who touched 101 last March, the sweetest natured Spanish gentleman ever known to David Mac Jon.

A Scurry in a "Bubble," with Phyllis,
Over the White Horse Downs, in the
Grand Old Royal County of Berks.

Totland Bay, Isle of Wight,
July 24, 1906.

I believe that I wrote to you last as the good ship "Saxonia" was running into the Mersey. His Majesty's custom house officers make short work of their examination of baggage, seeing that brandy and cigars are about the only things about which they are anxious; and so we had time for a little look at the smoky old Liverpool before getting on to Chester, a look which was not so depressing as that of eleven years ago, when there were so many poor creatures begging the passers-by to buy lemons of them at three for a penny. Talking of pennies and other "coins of the realm," I do not know which is the most irritating to an Americanized Englishman revisiting

his native country, the having to load up with the cart wheel penny, which is still almost as big as that of George III., or the retention by Johnny of his two and six penny half crown for forty-odd years since he began coining his two shilling florin!

I don't know which delighted 15-year-old Phyllis most; the city walls and raised sidewalks inside the queer old houses of Chester, or the close-cropped lawns and mouldering gurgoyles of the colleges in Oxford; she was having a delightful, entirely new experience all the time.

We had both left my adopted, and her native country loathing as pedestrians the "Bubble" with its vile smells and clouds of dust, and prayerfully awaiting the time when our much-promising over-patented Mr. Edison should give us his reasonable and not over-heavy machine warranted to run for a whole day on one electric meal; but there came a Friday (the 13th instant) when a lady interested in Phyllis said to me early in the morning, "You ought to take that young person a trip through your old Berkshire country; and, if you are to do it in one day, your only chance is a motor car." So I went over hesitatingly from the hotel to a motor placed hard by, and interviewed its stately and affable chief.

"I want to go to Farrington, Uffington, and one or two other places in the Vale of the White Horse; then over the White Horse downs and through Lambourn to Newbury, stopping there, and then back to Oxford via Reading where I also want to stop for an hour at least. Can that be done in one day? And, if so, have you a four-cylinder machine which you can let me have today for the purpose?" I ought to say that a bubble-enthusiast of your city, when I had told him before leaving it that I might want, in spite of prejudice to hire an automobile in the old country, and had asked him for any hint which might be useful, had said, "Only this: always insist on having a four-cylinder one; a two cylinder will shake you to pieces on a long trip."

Oh, yes; It was a trip of between ninety and a hundred miles; perfectly

simple, and they had a four cylinder motor which they could let me have that very day, with an experienced driver, at one shilling per mile and we ought to start in about a couple of hours. The hire for the day was finally settled at "four puten for the job" we paying for driver's meals by the way. I bought a pair of goggles each (not required by the way in warm rainy weather) for Phyllis and myself, and, after some doubtful protest on her part, we two started out for Farringdon from the Randolph at 10.30 and soon began to feel quite happy; for the road was moist, and the petrol not so offensive as that used in the U. S. A., and so, without smothering with dust or choking our neighbors, we were scooting along the road to Farringdon at an enlivening pace.

When we left Farringdon, after a little refreshment at the good old Crown inn and a chat with its pleasant landlady, a "Scotch mist" was already drifting across the White Horse hill; so that Phyllis could only detect, and that with considerable exercise of faith, the long tail of the famous animal which Alfred, the greatest of England's kings, carved on the face of the chalk hill, to commemorate his victory over the Danes.

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We ought to have gone on to Shrivenham and there taken the regular road over the downs to Lambourn, a little village where is the source of the stream of that name, which runs into the river below Newbury and so into the Thames below Reading; but our driver in whom we had rightly come to place great faith, preferred a short cut two miles the other side of Shrivenham, and took us right across the short-turfed downs, through a rabbit warren and down along the Lambourn stream to Newbury, turning aside at Donnington to see its famous castle.

It had begun to rain in earnest ever since we began mounting the downs; so, when we rolled into the yards of the hospitable Chequers Inn at Newbury for our midday meal, Phyllis had to borrow clothes of the chamber maid to serve her while her own were drying and she was being refreshed and

having old friends of long ago introduced to her.

Now the clouds had cleared off, and we had a pleasant run to Reading, where we halted for that great British institution, afternoon tea, with five other dear old friends whom Phyllis' father had not seen for fifty-two years; and then, Hey for the thirty mile straight run to Oxford! Well, we left Reading at five minutes after seven, stopped for five or ten minutes at Wallingford that I might remind myself of the flavor of the excellent stout of my youth there brewed, and were rolling into Oxford as the town clock was striking half past eight.

I had been aware that we must have been travelling over twenty miles an hour; and, now that the mischief was done, made known the fact to Phyllis, who, being a law-abiding damsel, exclaimed in horror, "Oh, father! How could you allow such a thing? Why, the time limit is fifteen miles an hour!" Then, in a lower tone, "If I'd known it I would have poked that driver in the back with my umbrella."

"Don't excite yourself, Phyllis, my dear! Do you suppose that the pace

which rules on our blue-mouldy old continent over there, holds here on this "Right little, tight little Island?" Not much! Here twenty-five miles an hour is the limit." The which speech, albeit its maker was by no means sure of his fact, obviously made Phyllis even more indignant and unhappy than before, till she had time, that is, to consider that the reason for it must be that on the Columbian side of the Atlantic the pedestrians keep the plutocrat more or less in order; whereas in this "Cradle of our Race," the landed oligarch, who delights in bubbles, still has things pretty much his own way. Being a sharp-witted young person, the comfort of this thought got well home to her mind during the minute or two before we rolled up to the door of the Randolph and went in hungry to supper. She remained more than doubtful about the expediency of the 'horrid old bubble;' while it has to be confessed, perhaps with shame, that this modern craze has once for all taken possession of her father, 'horse, foot and artillery.'

DAVID MAC JON.

"ONE BLOOD."

Immortal is the race that we call man,
The race, not one alone, God's real son;
"First born of the creation," song began,
"All are His offspring," sings the race is one,
Each passing on to give another place,
Self-giving to immortalize the race.

PERRY MARSHALL.

New Salem, Mass.

THE WIDOWS OF TEAR-DROP LODGE

How the Five Mrs. Smiths Found Consolation.

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY.

No, Mr. Van Patter was not in, the office boy said. But wouldn't the lady wait? He would surely be back in a few minutes. The lady sighed and sat down near an open window, threw back her mourning veil, dabbed her eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief, and fanned herself with a small black fan. Then she saw that the room already had an occupant, a woman, who, like herself, was dressed in the deepest mourning. They cast a surreptitious glance or two at each other before their attention was drawn to another arrival, a woman, young and comely, and clad in mourning as deep as their own. They heard the office boy assure her that Mr. Van Patter would be back in five minutes, and that he had many cottages to rent that were exactly what she wanted.

The first comer took in the appearance of the last with a furtive glance. "It must have been her husband, too," she thought, "for she looks so sad."

A moment later they heard the office boy again explaining Mr. Van Patter's absence. A sad voice replied, "Well, I can wait, if it isn't too long," and the three women saw another woman, dressed in black with a long crape veil floating from her widow's bonnet, enter the room. She was tall and stately, and wore her mourning robes well. The four ladies fanned themselves assiduously with their black fans, their eyes on their laps, but lifted frequently in furtive glances at one another. Presently one of them uttered a half-suppressed exclamation, and four fans dropped into as many laps as four pairs of eyes were turned toward the door. There stood a little roly-poly lady, in a trailing black gown, a longer and heavier crape veil than any of the others, and not a

speck of anything but black about her, except her face, which was all pink and white, and looked as if a very deep sorrow indeed would be necessary to prevent it from rippling with smiles. She was asking for Mr. Van Patter, and saying she wanted to rent a pretty cottage in a quiet street. The women already there rustled with excitement, and exchanged glances. For the space of two minutes there was entire silence in the room. Then the tall and stately one took them all in with a sweeping glance and said "Ahem!" The others looked up and sighed and dabbed their eyes with their black-bordered handkerchiefs.

"Ladies," she began, "I cannot help thinking that there must be some strange providence in the accidental meeting here of so many women, all suffering from the same great sorrow. For I suppose, ladies, You have all lost your husbands."

A chorus of sobs made reply. Five faces were buried in as many dainty bits of black and white linen, from which came muffled exclamations:

"Only three months ago!"

"Oh, he was such a dear!"

"I shall never see his like again!"

"Oh, I can never endure it!"

There was a sound of rapid footsteps in the hall, and Mr. Van Patter entered the door with a little skip, and took off his white duck yachting cap with a flourish, while his face irradiated itself with a genial smile of welcome. But when he saw his office filled with an assemblage of black-gowned and black-veiled ladies, sobbing and exclaiming, with bowed heads and faces buried in their handkerchiefs, his smile went out like a candle in a gust of wind as he jumped quickly back into the corridor. He

caught the office boy by the collar, and demanded:

"Who are they and what are they crying about? Do they think this is an undertaker's shop or a public weeping station? You done anything to hurt their feelings?"

"They're cryin' about their husbands, Mr. Van, 'cause they're all dead and there ain't any more like 'em. They're all widders, Mr. Van, and they all want to rent nice cottages in quiet streets."

The sound of the tall widow's voice again came from the room:

"Ladies, nothing but the hand of Providence could have guided into this office this morning so many women with breaking hearts, and each one seeking a quiet place in which to hide and endure her sorrow. Ladies, it means, I feel sure, that we've been guided to this place so that we can become friends and console one another in our affliction."

There was a sobbing chorus of assent, and Mr. Van Patter's face brightened with the inspiration of an idea. With a little skip and a profound bow he was in the room and saying:

"Ladies, command me! Can I be of service to you?"

"Ah, Mr. Van Patter!" said the tall lady. "I am sure, Mr. Van Patter, that you will agree with us that there is some deep significance in our meeting here this morning, total strangers to one another until we stepped into your office."

"Assuredly, madam! It is very evident!"

"We do not even know one another's names," she went on. "Mine, ladies, is Mrs. Mary A. Smith."

The others looked up with sudden increase of interest "How extraordinary!" exclaimed one "Mine is Mrs. Mary J. Smith!"

"And mine is Mrs. Mamie Smith," exclaimed another. "I was christened Mary, but I've always been called Mamie, and that is the way I always sign my name now that I can no longer through the rest of the sentence—"now er"—her voice broke and sobbed can no longer sign myself Mrs. Joseph Smith."

"Joseph Smith!"

"Did you say Joseph Smith?"

"Was that your husband's name?"

"Joseph Smith?"

Mrs. Mamie sobbed, "Oh, my dear Jody!"

"But it was my husband's name too!"

"And mine!"

"And mine, too!"

"And so was mine named Joseph Smith!"

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Van Patter, waving both arms and beaming upon the widows as he skipped from one foot to the other. It's the most wonderful thing that ever happened!"

"It is a most wonderful coincidence," said Mrs. Mary A., solemnly; "and it proves the truth of what I have been saying all the time, that Providence guided us to this room. But we do not yet know your name, madame," she went on addressing the widow who sat farthest back, "except that you have told us your husband's name was Joseph Smith. Is your first name also Mary?"

"It was, originally, Mrs. Smith, but my dear husband always liked to call me Molly, and I've no heart, since I lost him, to call myself anything else."

Mrs. Mary A. Smith looked inquiringly at the little roly-poly widow.

"Polly," she answered promptly.

Mr. Van Patter sprang forward with a little skip and waved his arms.

"Ladies, this is certainly the most wonderful coincidence that ever happened. But I begin to understand its secret significance! In fact, I am sure that I understand exactly what it means!"

The ladies looked up with eager exclamations of "What is it?" and "Do tell us!"

"It means," he went on, "that you are not to shut yourselves up in separate cottages where you would have to pine away in solitary sorrow and loneliness. It evidently means that you are to make yourselves one sorrowing family, united under a common roof, there to comfort one another in your affliction and share with one another your burdens of sorrow!"

Spring and summer passed, and the warm golden days of autumn were at hand. Teardrop Lodge looked

even more dilapidated that it did when the widows were moved to make their home within its walls because of its resemblance to their own emotional condition. But at least one of the widows, as she walked down the path toward the gate, seemed not at all in harmony with the forlorn aspect of the house and grounds. It was Mrs. Polly, clad all in white, and looking as bright as a May morning. She went to the gate, gazed up and down the street, and then walked slowly back towards the weeping willow. Mrs. Mamie and Mrs. Mary J., sitting in its shade, noted her movements with interest. They were both dressed in white, but had kept some touches of black in their attire.

"She's been acting very queer the last few days," said Mrs. J. "She has seemed as gay and happy as if she had never had a husband and didn't know what it meant to lose him."

"She has had two letters lately that were addressed in a man's handwriting," said Mrs. Mamie, "and the same writing on both."

"And she seemed so devoted to her Mr. Smith! You would have thought she'd never look at another man!"

"Wouldn't it be curious," commented Mrs. Mamie, "if it should turn out that Polly Smith's husband isn't dead at all?"

Mrs. Mary J. flushed and exclaimed, without looking up, "Mamie Smith! You don't suppose she's only a grass widow, do you?"

"I didn't say so, and even if she were I shouldn't consider it anything against her."

There was a shriek from a thicket sound of tearing drapery and running footsteps, and Mrs. Molly dashed out of the bushes and came dashing toward them, her face pale and frightened and her white gown in tatters.

"A man! A man!" she gasped.

"Where?"

"He came creeping into the hawthorn bushes as I sat there reading. Oh, he frightened me almost to death!"

"Are you sure it was a live man?" exclaimed Mrs. Mary A. "Polly! Do you think it was the ghost of Mr. Smith? Do go and see! Oh, why

doesn't Mr. Van Patter come!"

Mrs. Mamie was moving towards the house, but stopped suddenly, screamed, and ran back.

"Girls!" she cried breathlessly, "there's another man down by the gate! I saw him come in and hide behind the big bunch of lilacs!"

"It's a gang!" exclaimed Mrs. Mary J.

"And they're hidden all over the grounds!" added Mrs. Polly.

"And they'll rob and murder us!" moaned Mrs. Molly.

"Why doesn't Mr. Van Patter come!" sobbed Mrs. Mary A. "If he doesn't come soon I shall refuse him!" But so great was their alarm that no one noticed the spontaneous admission of her expectations. They huddled together, looking longingly towards the house.

"Oh, girls!" said Mrs. Polly, "I want to go a few steps down the path and see if those men are coming this way. I'll be very careful, and you'll all keep your eyes on me every minute, won't you?"

The others protested, but she picked up her skirts and tiptoed cautiously down the walk, craning her neck and staring at the shrubbery. Then there was a succession of little squeals and she came scurrying back like a frightened quail "It's another man!" she gasped. "A horrid, big, red-bearded man, over there on the other side of the grounds!"

Hardly had she finished speaking when Mrs. Mary J. screamed and fell, trembling, into Mrs. Molly's arms. "There's another man," she cried. "I saw him peeking from behind the syringa bush, beside the back gate."

"Why doesn't Mr. Van Patter come?" Moaned Mrs. Mary A., beginning to weep.

"They're going to murder us!" sobbed Mrs. Molly.

"Oh, if my dear Jody was only here, cried Mrs. Mamie wringing her hands.

There was a sound of some one tearing through the bushes where Mrs. Molly had seen the first disturber of their peace, and a big, bewhiskered man rushed out, extending his arms and crying joyously: "Here's your Jody, my darling Mamie!"

There was a chorus of shrieks as the women fell upon one another and threw their arms about Mrs. Mamie. She drew away from them and with cheeks very red spoke severely to the man:

"Joseph Smith, how can you explain your conduct?"

"I wrote to you, Mamie dear, explaining everything, except that I didn't tell you how successful I've been in the Klondike, and I've been hunting for you ever since I got back and couldn't find you."

"You didn't suppose I'd stay at home, did you, and be just a common grass widow? No, indeed! I came here where nobody knew me and put on mourning and held my head up like a real widow whose husband hasn't disgraced her by reserting her instead of dying."

"I'm very sorry, Mamie dear, that I've caused you so much pain and trouble. I thought my letter would explain everything. Aren't you going to forgive me and tell me you are

"Of course I am, Jody Smith. I've glad to see me?"

meant to all the time, but I hadn't explained anything to the other ladies yet, and you've frightened us all dreadfully, and, anyway, Jody Smith, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Half laughing half crying she sank into his arms. As the others turned away with pleased exclamations they saw Mrs. Polly running to meet a short, stout gentleman who was hurrying from the back gate. They embraced ardently and came back with their arms about each other.

"Girls, here is my Mr. Smith, and he's never been dead at all!" Polly said to them, her face beaming with happiness. "He had to go to South America for a long trip, and I was so lonely and bored without him that I just had to do something new. So I put on mourning and came to see how it would seem to be a widow for a while, but I didn't expect him for a few days, and I really meant to tell you all about it in a day or two."

"I suppose I ought to tell you, ladies," said Mrs. Mary J., "that my husband isn't dead either. We had a

dreadful quarrel, and I said hateful, angry things, and he said he would go away and stay away until I was sorry for my words, and asked him to come back. I've repented bitterly, and I'd be glad enough to beg him to come back, but I don't know where he is." And she dropped her face in her hands and began to weep.

"Maybe he is the red-headed man I saw," Mrs. Polly whispered to Mrs. Mary A. They looked across the grounds and saw him coming towards them. Mrs. Polly gently lifted Mrs. Mary J.'s head, facing it towards the man. She screamed and rushed to meet him.

"Well, ladies," said Mrs. Molly, "I've truly supposed my husband to be dead. As you know word was sent to me that he had been killed in China. But now everything seems possible, and I begin to hope that he will reappear, too."

Mrs. Mary A. grabbed her arm. "Molly! There's another man to be accounted for—the one that Mamie saw!"

Just then a man emerged from an overgrown arbor near by. "It is he!" cried Mrs. Molly, and ran to meet him. "And there's Mr. Van Patter coming," exclaimed Mrs. Mary A. joyously. How delighted the dear man will be, and how lovely of him to come now when everybody is so happy."

"It's all right, Mr. Van Patter," explained Mrs. Mary A. "It happened that their husbands weren't dead at all, and they've all come back and found their wives here this morning. It's just their Mr. Smiths."

Mr. Van Patter sprang backward with a look of sudden concern. "Their Mr. Smiths!" he exclaimed. "And your—"

"You needn't be alarmed about him," she interrupted, "because—because there isn't any! I didn't have any!"

"You didn't have any? What do you mean?"

She blushed deeply and hesitated in deep embarrassment. "You see—I intended to explain to you this morning—you see, I had been plain Miss Smith for so long that I got tired of it—and a widow is so much more interesting—and it would be so amusing—and so I—I just bought some mourn-

ing things and came away here where nobody knew me— and just called myself Mrs. instead of Miss."

"And now that you've tired of being Mrs. this long, my dear Mary A., are you willing to—to—to—"

"To be a real one after this? Yes, quite."

He made another skip and seized her hand. "Then we'll be married to-day! And now I suppose I'll have Tear-Drop Lodge on my hands again."—New York Post.

MISS IDE'S BIRTHDAY.

Robert Louis Stevenson Gave Her His—Mr. Roosevelt Has the Reversion.

Miss Annie H. Ide, who will become the bride of Congressman Bourke Cockran of New York, is a daughter of Governor General Henry Ide of the Philippines. Gen. Ide was the Commissioner of Samoa some fifteen years ago while Robert Louis Stevenson resided there.

Miss Ide complained to Stevenson that she had been born on Christmas day, and was defrauded of her right to have a very own birthday.

Thereupon Stevenson wrote the following letter, the original of which is treasured by Miss Ide:

Vaillima, Samoa, June 1, 1891.

Dear Mr. Ide: Herewith please find the document, which I trust will prove sufficient in law. It seems to me very attractive in its eclecticism; Scots, English, and Roman law phrases are all indifferently introduced, and a quotation from the works of Hayes Bailey can hardly fail to attract the indulgence of the bench.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I, Robert Louis Stevenson, advocate of the Scots bar, author of "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Moral Emblems," struck civil engineer, noble owner, and patentee of the palace and plantation known as Vaillima, in the Island of Samoa, a British subject, being in sound mind and pretty well, I thank you, in body.

In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide, in the Town of St. Johnsbury, in the County of Caledonia, in the State of Vermont,

United States of America, was born, out of all reason, upon Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday.

And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when we never mention it, and that I have now no further use for a birthday of any description:

And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as white a Land Commissioner as I require;

Have transferred, and do hereby transfer, to the said Annie H. Ide, all and whole, my rights and privileges in the 13th day of November, formerly my birthday, now hereby, and henceforth, the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipts of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors;

And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name of Annie H. Ide the name Louisa—at least in private—and I charge her to use my said birthday, with moderation and humanity, et tamquam bona filia familia, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember.

And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights to the said birthday to the President of the United States of America for the time being.

In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

(Seal.)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Witness, Lloyd Osbourne.

Witness, Harold Watts.

—Philadelphia North American.

"They are having an engagement dinner at the Browns' tonight." "Who is engaged?" "A new cook."—Judge.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

From Tales of The Border.

At the period when the lucrative trade of thieving was in its high and palmy state on the Borders, there flourished a certain pair of gentlemen of the road, called Walter Laidlaw, or Watty o' the Dykes, and Richard Armstrong, or Halting Dick—a sobriquet this, which he derived from a lameness in one of his legs. These two worthies were sworn brothers; yet neither of them would trust the other the length of a stirrup leather. They knew each other too well for that; but, as this was a mutual understanding, it was no cause of quarrel; and they got on remarkably well, in defiance of political economists, without the smallest particle of confidence being between them.

The business they did in the way hinted at—for we feel a delicacy in employing broader terms in speaking of Walter and his friend Dick—was rather of a small kind; somewhere about fourth or fifth-rate, perhaps; although they certainly did sometimes make hits that would have done credit to the proudest chieftain on the Borders. What trade, however, they did carry on whether great or small, was, as often as possible, done jointly; that is, their depredations—we find we must use these ugly terms after all—regularly divided, and appropriated by each separately; and, as they acted on all occasions with perfect unanimity, were extremely active and industrious, and rarely called in any of the brethren to assist in their operations, their gains were considerable. Over and above all this, so loving were this worthy couple, that whenever the one heard of a promising thing or had hit upon a good idea, he always gave notice of it to the other; and the two generally set out together to see what could be made of it.

On one occasion, however, it happened that Walter found it inconvenient to accompany Dick on a certain predatory expedition of high promise of which the latter had given him the

hint; and Dick was therefore under the necessity of going alone. This he did, and the result, after all, was most satisfactory. He secured a score of excellent, well-conditioned sheep. These Dick drove homewards during the night, from a distance of a good many miles; but, notwithstanding all the expedition he could use, morning threatened to break upon him before he could reach his own house, and in this dilemma, he determined, though not without much reluctance, to quarter them with his friend Walter, whose domicile lay in the way, until the following evening.

It was with great reluctance, as we have said, that Dick came to this resolution; for he had sore misgivings with regard to their safety in Walter's possession—in other words, he by no means felt sure that he would ever get them out of his hands again, as he had the highest opinion of his friends ingenuity in appropriating other people's goods, and of his tenacity in holding them when once in his grasp, whether they belonged to friend or foe. But on this occasion there was no other course left him; so he deposited the sheep with Walter who congratulated him on his success, and promised to keep them snug and safe for him till he came for them on the following night.

On the following night Dick came and demanded his sheep.

"Sheep!" exclaimed Walter, with well-affected astonishment. "What sheep, Dicky, my man, do you mean?"

"What sheep, Watty, do I mean?" said Dick in real amazement. "The sheep I left wi' ye last night, to be sure."

"Sheep ye left wi' me, Dicky!" replied Walter. "The deil a clout o' sheep o' yours ever I saw. The man's gite!" (Crazy.)

"Are ye in jest or earnest, Watty?" inquired Dick, with increased amazement.

"Never was mair in earnest in my

life," said Watty, coolly.

"Did you mean to deny that I left a score o' sheep wi' ye last night, and that ye promised to keep them safe for me till I cam' for them? Do ye mean to deny that?" said Dick, emphatically.

"Most stoutly," replied Watty, with the utmost composure. "I canna confess to what's no true. My conscience forbids me to do that. I haena now, nor ever had, a tail belonging to ye, Dick."

"And ye mean to stan' by that, through thick and thin?" said Dick, with one of the blankest looks imaginable; for he saw that his sheep were gone gear.

"That I do," replied the other. "Tak' my word for that. The deil a sheep yese get frae me on ony sic silly pretence as that ye mentioned."

By this time Dick had recovered a little; and, moreover, by this time, also, a bright idea had struck him.

"Vera weel, Watty—vera weel," he said with a sudden cheerfulness of manner that not a little surprised Watty himself, "you and I'll no' quarrel about twa or three sheep. Keep them, and muckle guid may they do ye!" And during the short time that the friends remained together, subsequently, Dick made no further allusion to the sheep, but spoke on different matters, as if nothing had happened.

For some weeks after this matters went on with the two friends precisely as before. They went on several expeditions together, and were to all appearance on as friendly terms as ever, neither of them making the slightest allusion to the small matter of the sheep that was between them. About the end of this period, however, Dick again appeared one morning early at Walter's door with another score of sheep, and besought a similar favor with that he had asked on the former occasion—namely, that Walter would quarter them till the following night. But on this occasion Dick was accompanied by two or three assistants of the same kidney with himself, who counted over the sheep in Walter's presence, and saw them delivered to him.

On the following evening Dick called for and at once obtained his sheep,

for there had been witnesses to the delivery, and Watty, aware of this, did not attempt a denial, as he had done before, as he felt such a proceeding would endanger his reputation with the craft.

Having got possession of his sheep Dick bade his friend good-night, and went rejoicing in his way.

Next night, however, Dick again called on his friend Watty, and carefully concealing all expression of consciousness of having been there on the preceding evening, demanded his sheep over again.

"Your sheep, Dick!" said Watty, in amazement. "Did ye no get them a' every tail, last night?"

"Sheep ye delivered to me, Watty?" said Dick, with imperturbable gravity. "De'il a cloot ye gae me last night. The man's gite."

"Come, now, ye're jokin'. Dicky," exclaimed Walter, with a most rueful expression of countenance.

"Never was mair in earnest in my life," replied Dick.

"What! de ye mean to deny that I gied ye a score o' sheep last night?"

"Most stoutly," answered his persevering, immovable and determined assailant. "I canna confess to what's no' true. It would gang against my conscience. Where are yer witnesses that I got the sheep? Ye've nane; while I can prove that I put a score under your charge last night, and ye canna show that they've been returned to me. Thae sheep, therefore, Watty, I still claim, and if ye refuse them I'll expose ye, and ye'll lose a' credit wi' the craft. Sae, freen, just gie me up another score without mair ado, and then you and I'll be quits, and no' a bit waur freens than ever we war."

Wat o' the Dykes saw at once that he was in a dilemma—that Dick's ingenuity had fairly reversed their relative positions, and that he must refund. On this fact becoming evident to him he thought for a moment, then burst out laughing in his friend's face, and confessed that he was "clean dune for." This admission he followed up by restoring Dick's sheep to him, and it was never understood that this little breach of confidence had the slightest injurious effect on the sin-

cere friendship which subsisted between the two worthies.—Scottish American.

Twins Aged Seventy-One.

Meyer and Isaac Abrahams, probably the oldest twins in Illinois, celebrated their seventy-first birthday and the fifty-seventh anniversary of their arrival in Chicago, says the Chicago Chronicle. They declared that they were as hale and hearty, also as lively, as they were in the '50s. "We came to Chicago in 1857," said Meyer, "when the town was a mere village compared to the present Chicago, but I knew it was going to be a great place even then." "No you didn't," interposed Isaac. "I remember mighty well in the summer of '54, when you said that this place would never amount to a hill of beans." "Well, that was because I had just been swindled on my farm that lay where the Rock Island station stands now. That man certainly overcharged me—\$3 an acre, whew!" And thus the old twins argued on of times during which few men now in Chicago were living, to say nothing of buying farms. The birthday celebrations, which were attended by the families of the twins, were held at the home of Meyer Abrahams, 613 South Canal street, where he has lived for 43 years. Isaac Abrahams is an attorney and can still be found pleading cases in the justice courts. The twins were born in Germany and came to the United States, accompanied by their mother and father, in 1845, and have resided here ever since.

No Universal Language.

A school girl has hit upon the true objection to a universal language like Esperanto. She writes, "You could no longer say what you thought of a foreigner in his presence." "Conversely," says "The London Globe," "there would be a compensating advantage—sometimes you could say what you thought of a foreigner in his presence—say, at the Continental railway station on a freezing night, when waked by the guard to declare your nationality, date of birth, and number in

family. *Sacre nom de nom* is really the only expression the Englishman is master of, and he pronounces it so badly that the foreign ticket collector imagines it to be a strange English term of endearment.

Telephones and Rural Life.

The wide extension of the use of the telephone in city and country is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our day. The report published in Monday's Sun shows that in 1902 there were in the United States 3,400,000 telephones and some six billions of messages were sent. There are three classes of systems—the commercial, the mutual and the "independent farmer, or rural," the last-mentioned having a mileage of 49,965 miles. The general use and advantages of the 'phone in cities are well-known, but few city people are aware of the extent of its use in rural districts or of the many ways in which it has modified the conditions of country life. Like the locomotive the phone "annihilates distance." It economizes time and locomotion by dispensing thus with many obstacles to business and social intercourse. One of the advantages of great moment is the effect of the telephone in improving the conditions of farm life, making the country attractive to persons who could not endure the isolation and dullness of rural existence as it was formerly. Rural crime is more easily kept under, now that the country is cobwebbed with telephone wires. The report notes, for example, the assistance given by the 'phone to constables and sheriffs in suppressing the tramp nuisance.—Baltimore Sun.

The Man Who Works at Night.

You can always tell the man who habitually works at night, because he is always particular to say "Good morning" after 12 o'clock has struck.—Somerville Journal.

The oldest cab horse in Paris is named Chocolat, and he is working ten hours a day—sometimes more. For fifteen years he has trotted about Paris.

THE OTHER WAY.

I started on the Way of Life,
And it was broad and fair,
And wickedness was carried on
In spired temples there,
And over every arching door
That led to shame and sin
Were carved the words: "Tis free for all
Who care to enter in."

And Grace and Virtue darkly hid
In foul, forbidding lanes,
Where doors were locked and curtains drawn
Across the gilded panes,
And they that sought to enter there
Were called upon to pay,
And preachers at the corners cried
To men to keep away.

And as I journeyed there I saw
That where the doors were wide
Few sought the wicked pleasures that
Were free to them inside,
But everywhere were skulking men
Who went to kneel before
Sweet Grace and Virtue where they sat
Behind the guarded door.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Major's Sacrifice.

By ELVA LORENCE.

I noticed him the moment we entered the room, and I saw that he noticed Loo.

There he stood, tall and handsome, in the splendor of his medals and his uniform, excelling every other man in the room. The scene was at a ball, but he was a stranger to most of those present, and excited my curiosity at the outset.

I was on a visit to Loo Kingston; her father was a retired colonel, and Loo reigned mistress of his house.

It was only recently that her engagement to Maj. Whitaker had been announced, and I found the tale difficult to credit. He was a genial, kind-hearted man, but old enough to be her father, and somehow his pompous, autocratic ways seemed ill-fitted to one of Loo's shrinking temperament. True, he was rolling in money, made in bond speculations in Oregon, but Loo was not mercenary, and the moment I saw her again her pale, changed face showed me she was giving her hand where her heart could never follow

As I followed her into the ballroom I noticed the stranger's eyes fixed upon her with an intent gaze.

"Do you know him, Loo?" I whispered.

But she only turned startled eyes upon me, and raised her hand in warning. I had time for no further speech; the first extra dance had begun and my partner claimed me, though I would fain have stayed and questioned Loo.

Presently she passed us, on the stranger's arm, and scraps of their conversation floated to my ear.

"You might have forgotten me."

"No, I had not forgotten."

"And yet," he said, "it is a long time ago; you were a child. But you have the mark still, I see?" And his gaze rested in a little scar on the girl's white brow—the mark of a cut, almost but not quite obliterated.

"Yes, I have it still. I think I shall carry it always."

"Six years!" he said softly. "It is a long time. But you were not Miss Kingston then—you were only 'Loo.'"

"Shall we rest a little? I am tired." Her face was white, and there was a sorrowful appeal in the wistful, dark eyes.

I watched them disappear down a corridor decorated with greenery and fairy lamps, until it looked like a piece of some enchanted palace, then the final crash of the music broke my dreamings.

Surely I had been dreaming? Loo, such a romance in her life! This handsome soldier couldn't have cherished her image all that time? Six years! Why, she was not sixteen! That was when she had first become one of us at Madame Ollendorf's; her father's regiment had been ordered west, and the child, who had hitherto been his companion, was placed in madame's care during his absence. She was a child—it was not possible—

"This is ours, Miss Nan."

Maj. Whitaker stood before me, large, pompous and good natured. As I placed my fingers on his arm—the major always liked to go "on parade" before he began his gyrations—I mentally compared the two men, and

wondered again how Loo's engagement had come about.

"I see Brevet is back again," he remarked. "Clever fellow, and a rattling good soldier. Deserves all the honors he has got, indeed he does!"

"Yes?" I acquiesced, readily, seeing that he alluded to the stranger. "You know him, then?"

"Oh, yes; he was at one time in my regiment. I know his people well. Now that he's home safe and sound, I suppose he'll be taking a wife, but I doubt whether he'll fall in with the arrangements very readily!" The major chuckled.

"Arrangements?" I queried. "He is engaged?"

"His wife was chosen for him long ago," returned the major; "she was his mother's ward; but the young fellow suddenly developed a will of his own and announced his intention of choosing his own bride.

"It must have been six years ago, I should think—perhaps more," continued the major. "His mother was anxious for the engagement to be brought about, and there was a scene, I remember. The young man came to me afterward.

"'Look here, major,' he said, hotly. 'I'm not a boy, and I can choose my own wife. In fact—and he colored like a girl—I've chosen her already. I don't mind telling you I've seen the only girl I'll ever marry, and she isn't my mother's choice!'

"'Right you are, my boy,' said I. 'Choose your girl and stick to her. Where did you meet her?'

"Then it came out that he hadn't ever been introduced to her. He'd saved her from something—I'm sure I forget what—he knew that she was small and dark, and had a pair of honest eyes that had gone straight to his heart; but her name—well, he only knew her Christian name, and he didn't tell me that! But," concluded the major triumphantly, "he's stuck to his guns, and he's in love with his dark-eyed mystery still. There's a twentieth century romance for you! let me get you some refreshment?"

I let him go in silence. I had listened to his story in breathless excitement. Of course, Loo was the

heroine, and he had found his "dark-eyed mystery"! I recalled the scraps of their conversation: "You have the mark still—" I remember how that mark had excited our schoolgirl curiosity, and Loo had been raised to the rank of heroine as she related how she had narrowly escaped a cruel death in the street and a handsome unknown had been her salvation. I pieced it all together, and felt as though I were a traitor to the kindly major to leave him in ignorance; yet how could I tell him?

The supper room was crowded, and after much skillful maneuvering he piloted me to a distant window which opened on to a small balcony. As we gained this desirable, and, as we believed, deserted haven, the murmur of voices showed the balcony was occupied, and the next moment a man's words came through the open window.

"Impossible, Loo? Why? Because you do not know me?"

"No. Oh, say no more. I—I—" her voice ended in a sob.

"I have startled you, dear. But if you knew how I have searched for you, and now to find you here—

"Don't! Don't!" she cried. "I may not listen—I am—engaged!"

Then there was silence, a silence I dared not break. The major stood as if turned to stone, and I, though I fain would have run away, was powerless to move. Then Loo's trembling voice continued:

"I am to marry Maj. Whitaker in a month. My father wishes it, and—Oh," she cried, passionately, "it was such a foolish dream. How could I ever tell—"

"Yes, it was a dream," he said sadly. "And you are to marry Maj. Whitaker. Well"—with a sharp breath—"he has always been a good friend to me"—"Thank God for that!" I heard the major mutter—"I can only say God bless you, Loo, and—good-by."

At this juncture the major seized my arm and bore me swiftly away. In the doorway he paused, his keen old eyes were flashing bright.

"Didn't I tell you he was a fine fellow?" he muttered. "I want a word with him, And you, if you are her friend, go to her."

As I turned to obey, Capt. Brevet strode quickly down the room. The major touched his arm.

"Well, my lad," he said, "you've found her, eh? May I know her name now?"

The younger man faced him squarely with misery in his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "you may know her name, major. The girl I have been dreaming of, the girl I love, is your promised wife."

"And she—Loo—loves you?"

"Heaven help us all," he groaned, "I believe she does."

"Then," the major said, "go back to her, lad, and tell her—tell her that I give her her freedom, and I'm proud of you both. No, not a word! I told you long ago to choose your girl, and—"

The major pushed him away and turned to me.

"The room is clearer now," he said prosaically; "what will you have, Miss Nan?"

"Anything!" I gasped. "Major, you are a hero!"

But he laughed at my enthusiasm, and proceeded to eat his supper.—*New York Weekly.*

A Farmed Out Highway.

The railroads, by all the laws of the nations, is quite as much a highway as is a wagon road. But instead of levying direct taxes for keeping up the rail-highways (as do the people of Prussia, Austria, Switzerland and other countries) we Americans "farm out" the power of taxation to private individuals organized as a railroad corporation. The old kings farmed out the power of ordinary taxation to their favorite barons in the same way. The instrument that conveys this power upon a railroad company is a "charter." It gives the railroad company the right to operate the rail-highways and to charge a freight rate (at tax) for doing it. Railroad presidents and directors are thus by appointment made the people. For railroads are not now and never were, private property like a farm or a grocery store. They are highways.

The first essential of a tax is that it shall be just. To establish that

point the Anglo-Saxon people have shed rivers of blood; our English ancestors revolted against the old barons who taxed both unequally and extortionately. Our American progenitors tossed the British tea into Boston harbor and fought from Lexington to Yorktown to establish the principle of fair taxation.—*McClure's.*

Bridges and Beauty.

If the two hideous structures which span the Thames at Charing Cross and Cannon street for the use of the South Eastern Railway were removed London would now have a succession of bridges from Putney to the Pool that might suffer a comparison with the bridges of Paris, Rome and Venice. The new bridge at Vauxhall, which was opened last Saturday, is not so handsome as its neighbor at Westminster, nor so gauntly picturesque as the "auld brig" immortalized by Whistler, which it supplants. It has, however, a strong and solid beauty of its own, and lies slenderly and gracefully across the water like a gigantic twig bent over it. It is the first bridge which has been built by the County Council, and will, therefore, be the first bridge over which the despised tramway will have free access. It will restore to this part of London some of its old prestige as a pleasure resort, and we may see a revival of the Vauxhall Gardens of the Restoration time in a fine park and pleasure. The bridge almost lies at the door of Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and with this hoary old pile as a centrepiece there are unique opportunities for an improvement of the district.—*Washington Star.*

Survival of the Fitter.

Two plumbers were in a bank building the other day, when an explosion of gas wrecked the structure. Several people were killed, but the plumbers simply were blown out of the window and picked themselves up unhurt.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Hunchbacks are very numerous in Spain, much more so than in any other part of the globe.

PLYMOUTH ROCK'S CRACK.

Its Origin Involves a Unique and Ridiculous Bit of History.

Plymouth has been called the cradle of New England. It is on the coast, thirty-eight miles south of Boston, and is a thriving and prosperous New England town, with good schools and churches, and town hall, and shops of all kinds, and comfortable homes.

On the flat strip of land that runs for miles up and down the shore of the bay, the diminutive white houses of the fishermen are crowded close together. In the centre of the same flat land-strip, flanked on both sides by the fishermen's homes, is a large, open square forty yards from the water-front. Here stands Plymouth Rock, the first sight of which gives one a mental shock, for, no doubt, fancy has pictured an immense boulder rising grandly out of the sea; but, instead, the visitor sees only an oblong, irregularly-shaped, gray sandstone rock twelve feet in length and five feet in width at the widest point, and two at the narrowest. Across one part runs a large crack which gives to Plymouth Rock a highly artificial appearance. The origin of this crack is a bit of unique history, and bears evidence to the early differences that at times divided the inhabitants into two factions.

For a long time there waged spirited and bitter wrangling between the opposing parties, and it even settled down upon the much-cherished Plymouth Rock, which one party declared ought to be removed to a more worthy position in the town square, and the other wranglers protested it should not be moved an inch from its position, even though they had to guard it with their pikes and guns.

Finally, the stronger faction drew up their forces around Plymouth Rock, and in attempting to move it up the hill split it asunder, which seemed a bad omen for those who had attempted such a thing, until an ardent Whig leader flourished his sword, and by an eloquent appeal to the other zealous Whigs convinced them that they should not swerve from their plan of carrying the rock to a place in the town square.

"The portion that first fell to the ground belongs to us," he cried; "and that we will transport with all care and diligence to its proper home."


Twenty yoke of oxen drew the Whig section of Plymouth Rock up the hill, amid the shouts of the throng that pushed forward around the liberty pole which was to mark the new site. The ceremony of dedicating the rock in its new position was very impressive, and the people stood with bared heads, and in reverent tones chanted their high-pitched psalms in token of thanksgiving.

In the town square this part of Plymouth Rock remained for more than half a century, when a committee of the council resolved to move it back to its original position, and join it, as best they could, to the other half. Accordingly, in 1834, on the morning of the Fourth of July, the Plymouth Rock had been re-united in all seriousness to its long-estranged portion, and the union made complete by a mixture of cement and mortar.

Today four granite columns support a canopy of granite that offers Plymouth Rock an indifferent protection against the rain and the sun, and serves to keep back, in some measure, the thousands of sight-seers that come to Plymouth with only one object in view, namely, to press up around the iron bars, and to gaze through them at the revered rock, on which they see the single inscription, cut in the middle of its face in long, plain figures, "1620."

The rock is surrounded by a high iron railing composed of alternate boat hooks and harpoons, and inscribed with the illustrious names of the forty men who drew up the Pilgrims' compact on board the Mayflower that November day as they sighted the coast that henceforth was to be their home.—From Cornelia Hickman's "A Visit to Plymouth Rock," in *St. Nicholas*.

Carolus Duran, the famous portrait painter, is about to paint a portrait of Pope Pius X., taking his inspiration from Titian's portrait of Pope Paul III.



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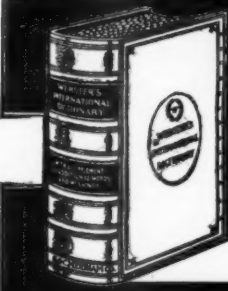
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